





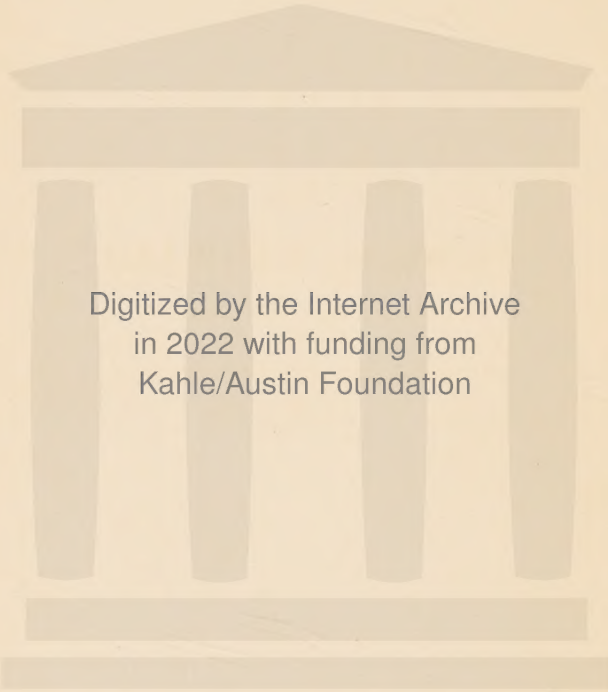
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## **CLIMBING MANWARD**



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TORONTO

# CLIMBING MANWARD

BY

FRANK H. CHELEY

AUTHOR OF "TOLD BY THE CAMP FIRE," "CAMP AND OUTING ACTIVITIES,"  
"CAMPING WITH HENRY," "CAMP FIRE YARNS," ETC.

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TO EVERY BOY IN AMERICA  
WHO HAS A DESIRE TO TRAVEL THE  
BROAD HIGHWAYS TO  
SUCCESS AND USEFULNESS



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PART I

OPEN YOUR EYES



# CLIMBING MANWARD

## OPEN YOUR EYES

WE HAD hiked for three steady hours with scarcely a stop. When we finally did reach our destination—a cosy little cliff-sheltered ledge—we built our fire, cooked our simple bit of steak and ate our supper. Then piling a few heavy pine poles onto the embers, we sat down to talk and enjoy the friendly flames before we should roll each into his own blankets for the night.

We had come through a great variety of country that day—unusually varied for one short trip: over a mile of prairie; through a long stretch of foothills that had been recently burned over by a raging forest fire; up a rough and steep cañon; over a mountain of crumbling talus; through a boggy meadow; past two tiny lakes of glacial origin; and finally out into a broad open park, broken with sharp ledges of sandstone.

If we had been botanists, we might have seen literally hundreds of different flowers in the various types of soil and different altitudes. If we had been geologists, we might have read many books in stone from the great variety of exposed strata along the way. If we had been bird-lovers, we would have been enthusiastic about the scores of birds, from the noisy English sparrow at the station to the bold magpie in the cottonwood bottoms, the pine siskin in the shady ravines, the water ouzels at the myriad of little waterfalls that we passed, and even the ruby-throated hummingbird on the heights. If we had been foresters, we might have counted two score of different

trees, located a patch of beetle-infected timber, noticed where a porcupine had recently nearly girdled a forest monarch, or observed where lodgepole pine had sprung up almost as thick as wheat, on a burned-over area, because the squirrels had planted the stubborn cones that so effectually resist everything, but heat and sunshine—against that very evil day of fire. If we had been entomologists, we would have observed many a pretty performance among the beetles, the ants, the wasps, the butterflies, and the caterpillars. But the simple fact of the matter was that not one of us was a geologist, a forest ranger, a botany professor, or a Government bird observer. We were just a party of happy, boisterous, average boys out for a jaunt. With that clearly in mind, as we sat quietly about the fire, I determined to try an experiment that I am always interested in trying on any group of boys, provided they have no inkling whatever beforehand of my plan.

“Boys, we have come through a wonderful variety of country to-day, with nothing on our minds save the having of a good time; yet I am doubtful if many of us have made the most of our opportunity really to enjoy ourselves to the limit. I’m going to ask a question that will at least partly prove the doubt, and after we have all sat quietly thinking it over for five minutes, I’m going to ask each boy to answer it as I call upon him, and, of course, each boy will be perfectly honest. I’m not so interested in your answers as I am in the deductions I’m going to draw from them, for your benefit. Are you ready?”

All nodded.

“What did you see to-day on the hike that especially interested you? Now think for five minutes. I want details, but no imaginations. We’ll start with Jim.”

There was no embarrassment, for each knew the others perfectly and was accustomed to their presence. We went



the rounds of all present; without going into detail too much, this is the summary of what nine normal, supposedly keen-eyed, wide-awake, outdoor boys saw. What the tenth saw was in a class by itself.

Trees, mountains, rocks, water, shrubs, flowers, rotten logs, a dead snake on the trail, and a magpie's nest of sticks. Only one boy in the group had noted details enough to remember them so that he could describe accurately what he saw. All nature with its wonderful story was to that group of boys a closed book. There was but one good observer in the party. He had seen more than all the other nine. He had seen two flowers that he had never before observed, one of them the "yellow hip" clover. He noted a large *Polyphemus* moth on a dead tree. He saw an army of ants out on a journey. He found wild, ripe strawberries and had a pocketful of choice globules of spruce gum. He had pocketed three odd bits of rock that he wanted to know more about, and had discovered the only columbine that had been seen during the day. Besides that, he had gathered five different cones to look up in his tree guide when he got home.

One boy out of ten had kept his eyes open; the other nine were blind to the best things of the trip. And that is about the situation with any such group of boys on such a journey. One out of ten has learned to observe keenly and intelligently the world about him. The other nine walk all day through nature's wonderful library of interesting and helpful information, blind to every pretty sight. Which group do you belong to—the one or the nine?

I have tried the same experiment times without number. Often not a lad in a party is a good observer; sometimes two or three are; often the observers are pals. This and other experiments have led me to believe that the average American boy is not an observer. He goes about with his "eye-gate" and often his "ear-gate" shut, and as a con-

sequence misses much of the real joy and value of his hikes and journeys. Recently a group of us were walking together when suddenly there was a great flutter of wings and a very large flock of birds rose and flew.

"Sparrows!" commented one lad, and all agreed by their silence save one boy.

"Sparrows, nothing!" objected the observer. "Take a look again—not a sparrow in the flock—too big for sparrows; not the right shape, and every bird has a crest. They are cedar waxwings and they are on their annual migration."

One boy in the party was an observer! How do you account for it? Was he brighter than the others? Was he better read than the others? Did birds happen to be his hobby? No; he had simply learned to be an observer. He kept his eyes open continually. When he saw something he did not understand, or that was new to him, he invariably asked questions about it. He was in the habit of making mental notes. He had formed the habit of associating ideas, and in that way he remembered. I have discovered by a few careful questions in these cases that such boys invariably have a marvelous store of facts on every conceivable thing, and that they are usually quite exact in their descriptions of anything out of the ordinary. New sights or strange sounds, as a general rule, attract their attention; nothing gets by them. It is marvelous how many interesting and valuable facts an occasional boy gathers, classifies, and stores away for future use. Such a boy is invariably a good observer.

A friend of mine who has three boys said to me recently, "The boys are going to spend the summer out west on a sheep ranch. Charlie will see all there is to see; Harry will see only what he goes especially to see; and Marvin will see nothing at all save what's on the table three times a day."

These three boys are typical of all boys. Charlie saw everything because he had become an observer by habit. Seeing things has become automatic with him. Harry saw only what he was especially interested in and what invariably was related to the type of activity or the hobby in which he was at that time most interested; Marvin saw nothing at all. To all intents and purposes he was blind—again a matter of habit.

Some think observation is a gift. Perhaps so; if it is, it is an acquired gift. Every outdoor boy should cultivate his faculty for observing. Here are four simple suggestions to that end:

*First:* Open your eyes and teach them to see.

*Second:* Take pains to look carefully at things worth seeing. See exactly.

*Third:* Make it a practice to think about what you see, taking occasion as soon as possible to tell someone else what you saw, question someone further about what you saw, or in some way share your observations. The very best way to be sure that you are going to “keep” what you see is to give it away to another.

*Fourth:* Cultivate to a science some hobby that demands close observation. A scientific or semi-scientific hobby is best for this, generally speaking.

I have known a score of young boys who could go through a collection of five thousand different stamps and tell you accurately, with a negligible amount of error, what ones they had in their own collections and what ones they did not have, carrying the matter down to minor differentiations in shade of color, kind of paper and even to size of perforation holes. To do that takes keen observation.

I have known other boys who could identify at a glance large numbers of different buttons, geological specimens, pressed leaves, grasses, ferns, and so forth. No doubt,

memory also plays a part; but the boy who does not observe has nothing to remember.

Recently a boy of my acquaintance illustrated this fact. He had lived in a certain neighborhood all his life. One day the house caught fire from an overheated flue. He raced wildly about his neighborhood for fifteen minutes on his bicycle, trying to locate a fire-alarm box. There was one diagonally opposite the house he had lived in fourteen years, and he had never seen it.

I know another boy who is continually finding things, money, pocketknives, auto wrenches, pliers, and odds and ends. He says he's "lucky," but the fact is, he is a good observer. He has taught his eyes to report to his mind what passes before them.

Our senses are our only avenues by which impressions of the outside world are carried to us. Therefore, if we are to know men, nature, and things, we must cultivate our senses.

Undoubtedly inquisitiveness and observation are near relatives, too. The inquisitive boy is always poking about in out-of-the-way places, wondering if there are "any hornets in that old nest" (his curiosity helps him to see and feel a lot of things worth remembering), or turning up a stone to see if there is, perchance, a snake under it; and in the bargain sees a well-organized ant-hill with the workers hurtling all the larvæ and eggs out of danger—or peeping into a hollow log for a woodchuck and discovering a nest of flying squirrels.

Because of these very things, inquisitiveness of the right sort ought to be cultivated. Squirrels have it; and everybody knows of the proverbial wisdom of the blue-jay. Savages had it—it made them alert and wide-awake; only because they kept their eyes and ears open and were able to read tracks and trails and interpret sounds, were they able to live at all. But the average boy, notwithstanding what



some folks think—is far from a savage now. He is civilized. Life has been made comparatively safe for him, and it is no longer necessary for him to “see” to live (except on some boulevards infested by the genus “auto”). He will pass the same line of stores every day for weeks and still not be able to tell you whether there is a bakery, a hardware shop, or a printing office in the block. If, for some reason or other, he has given his attention to some particular store, because of a fire he once witnessed there, or a “something” in the window that he especially desired to have for himself—that is a different matter; but, generally speaking, he does not know what’s in the block, because, he is not in the habit of *seeing*.

There is also a very definite relation between observation and success. Seeing opportunities is the complex result of habitually seeing many other things, of becoming a thorough observer. One of the great contributions that Scouting is making to boy-life is that by its program of signaling, tracking, trailing, and other activities, it is teaching boys to open their eyes. There is still room for tremendous improvement, however, and you don’t need to be a Scout to be an observer.

We live in a marvelously wonderful world. There is so much to see on every hand in a score of realms, that it is a pity to be blind.

For instance: We have fifty common birds; the average boy can identify seven. We have more than seventy-five common trees; the average boy can recognize but six or eight. We have hundreds of wild flowers and plants; the average boy knows less than a dozen. All insects are “bugs,” and mammals are known only in story-books—all because boys do not train themselves to observe.

What a joy there is in being reasonably well acquainted with the little people of the field and forest, so that when you meet them you can recognize them and are able to

fellowship with them because you have observed their ways.

When summer comes, what will you see, Mr. Boy, I wonder, and what will be new to you and interesting?

There will be scores of blue-black wasps to see, catching and killing spiders so that their young will be amply supplied with "fresh meat."

There will be myriads of lace bugs, all toggled out in their new dresses of finest patterns and hid under the scaling back of every old sycamore. There will be myriads of grasshoppers using their "spiked boots" to climb slippery, dew-covered grass-stalks. There will be innumerable spider-engineers, bridging great gaps from limb to bush or adroitly "hog tying" their prey, perhaps a hundred times their bulk, or even floating off on the ends of marvelous silky filaments to some new continent of bush, weed, or gate post. There are no more interesting sights in the world.

There will be many sleek, shrewd ichneumon flies to observe, unerringly drilling through the bark and wood of some old maple for the cozy nest of the mischievous tree-borer. There will be wonderful transformation scenes galore when "his majesty, the monarch butterfly" emerges from his green, gold-nailed casket to look the world over.

There will be millions of the funny little fungus family busily engaged in transforming countless down-logs and windfalls into well-prepared plant food for the new tree babies. There are hundreds of members of this strange family, each with a secret of its own that can only be discovered by Mr. Bright-eyes.

There will be industrious gangs of grave-digger beetles on every hand, mercifully laying away thousands upon thousands of dead birds, bugs, and butterflies, nature's scavengers, if you please,—all members of the sanitary squad conscientiously removing dead mice, snakes, and

frogs from the public highways of the wild folks. I wonder if you will see them?

There will be myriads of turtles on every sand beach laying their eggs in queer little sand nests made with their tails. There will be hungry toads perched in the sunshine catching flies from a bait they have deliberately arranged for their prey. There will be countless tumble bugs rolling their queer balls home for the babies' breakfast. There will be shy little clumps of forget-me-nots, and yellow clover peeping up by the side of old stumps. There will be the cinquefoil with its five-fingered leaves so nearly resembling the wild strawberry. Boy, open your eyes!

There will be hinges of the most exquisite workmanship to examine in the lair of every trap-door spider. There will be garter snakes catching frogs. There will be billions of June bugs splitting their "Sunday suits" down the back to display their new clothes. There will be millions of dragon flies "seeking whom they may devour." There will be big, busy bumblebees emerging from the deserted mansions of some field mouse. There will be dainty snipes dancing the latest steps on the newly polished beach-floor, and tiny bitterns trying their best to imitate the dead cat-tails that surround their nest so that "inquisitive eyes" will fail to behold their pink, naked bodies. There will be great blue herons fishing in the swamps and "thunder pumpers" paddling in the water like happy babies in their bath.

If you would learn to observe, no more would your science teacher laugh herself sick over your compositions, as she has in the past, when you gave such answers as the following to simple nature questions—guesses, everyone, because you are not a genuine observer:

"Five devices by which seeds are scattered are: wind, water, explosion, torn up, taken out, and thrown away."

"The peculiars of an insect are: some of them bring dis-

ease, others destroy food, suck the blood, spoil the flowers, lay eggs, and kill babies."

"The grasshopper when he walks, either jumps or hops."

"The jaws of the grasshopper move east and west."

"A larva is an unfinished animal."

"The flower is to show what a plant can do."

Mr. American Boy, you're missing many of the very best joys of life by being blind—just plain blind. There's no excuse for it either. You don't need spy glasses or a telescope to see wonderful sights; just open your eyes and look about you. Hike by all means, but always with a secret purpose—not merely to sit by a fire at the end of a day and stuff yourself with food. Gather mental and spiritual food also along the way as you observe God's big family at work and play. You can easily enlarge your collection of "observed facts" a hundredfold in a few months—if you but will.

## WATCH YOUR STEP

THE true significance of the little things of life can never be overestimated. Just bear this fact carefully in mind for a week and see on how many unexpected occasions it proves itself. Perhaps you will sit down to a splendid dinner, the appetizing smells of which have already reached you, making the saliva pour into your mouth. Your mind is full of the pleasure and enjoyment that lies just before you. You seat yourself, and the soup, piping hot and fragrant with fresh parsley and melted butter, is served you—but there floating calmly on top is a *hair*. The saliva ceases to flow. Your appetite disappears as if by magic. The smell of food is distasteful—*all because of one tiny hair*.

You have your mouth all "fixed" for a plate of hot waffles. You've seen the rich yellow batter prepared. You've smelled them cooking. You spread the fresh country butter on generously. You pour the syrup from the pitcher—and then, quite unexpectedly a fly emerges! Your treat of hot waffles becomes a great disappointment—and *all because of one unfortunate little fly.*

Historians tell us that Napoleon would have won at Waterloo if it hadn't been for a little stomachache. Baseball fans tell us that a certain world-series game was lost, and as a result the National Championship, because a certain pitcher had a "bit of a sliver" under one of his finger nails. Rome was saved from capture by the quacking of geese.

The ice melted out of a tiny crevice, so the reports say, and let a mountain ledge settle hardly a perceptible amount, but enough to cause a small boulder that was resting upon it to roll off. The boulder, dashing down the cliff, started other and still other stones rolling; a small landslide was created that soon became an avalanche. Halfway down the mountain a fast express train, loaded with hundreds of people dashed on utterly unconscious of any impending danger. The avalanche and the fast express met on a dangerous curve, and all were plunged three hundred feet below into a raging mountain river where more than sixty lives were lost—because a *little* ice melted in a *little* crevice!

If we were to trace back the greatest events in any life, almost without exception we would find that each had a small, almost insignificant beginning. So small are they oftentimes that they actually seem ridiculous. Not so long ago, a special train carried a number of notables and as it sped along, the company fell to talking about a certain candidate for the governorship of a neighboring state.

"He is a wonderful man," said one speaker. "He is



talented; he is capable; he is a hard worker; he has brains—but,” and then he proceeded to disclose one little flaw in the man’s character. “That singularly small defect in his character,” added the speaker with conviction, “will be the thing that will defeat him.” And it proved to be so. All his other gifts, and he had many splendid qualities, could not over-balance that one little defect.

“Minute events and considerations are the hinges upon which mighty results turn,” says Cummings. Although the principle of the steam engine had been discovered in Egypt before the time of Christ, it was a little experiment by a boy in 1713 that brought it into practical use.

Success is not a big single achievement as many suppose, but is made up of a vast collection of small, often commonplace items. “Even the mighty mountain ranges are made up of vast piles of the tiniest particles of matter.” If you should attempt to count the molecules in one cubic millimeter of hydrogen gas, taking one billionth of a second to repeat each number, the task would occupy you more than a thousand years, according to a reliable French mathematician. And, everything about us is built up of those same infinitesimal molecules; even “the smallest hair throws its shadow.”

It is well for us to realize that big things are only little things put together right—an orderly accumulation of trifles.

Michaelangelo was one day explaining to a visitor just what he had been doing to a certain piece of sculpture since the visitor was last there.

“I have retouched this part; polished that; softened this feature; brought out that muscle and given a firmer expression to the lips and more energy to that limb,” said the great artist.

“But those are mere trifles,” remarked the visitor, in-

different because no great changes had been made in the marble before him.

"That may be so," said the sculptor, "mere trifles, however, make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."

Often, too the *unexpected* little thing proves to be responsible for significant results. We are likely to overlook entirely the true significance of our little bits of thoughtless carelessness.

Some years ago two coal miners were hastening to the shaft after a long day's work. One blew out his candle and put it into his pocket, but the second miner, because his candle was all but gone, set it on a convenient ledge and left it burning.

"Better put it out," said the first miner.

"It will go out itself in a little while," added the other as they stepped into the waiting cage.

From that tiny bit of candle one of the largest coal mines in the Northwest was set afire and for more than ten years it has burned relentlessly, and all efforts to extinguish the flames have proven futile. Compute the cost of that tiny bit of carelessness if you can. Yet such instances without number occur in the common everyday life about us.

It is reported, for instance, that the bursting of a pin in the driving wheel of an engine in a certain great Illinois steel plant, caused by the failure of the engineer to oil it properly, cost the company nearly a half million dollars, for that simple little accident caused a shut down of the whole plant for six days and a half. It cost that concern forty dollars a minute for all the idle minutes caused by a wheel pin broken because it was not kept greased by a lazy or careless engineer, whose job it was to keep that pin greased.

The late Edmund Clarence Stedman was fond of telling the following incident to explain the terrific cost of a

trifling bit of carelessness. When he was clerk in the office of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, he found his cash short one day to the extent of *two cents*—so taking two coppers from his pocket he dropped them into the till. After he had left the employment of this concern he chanced to meet the Treasurer of the Company on the street. The Treasurer stopped him and asked if he was certain his cash account had always balanced while with the railroad. When Stedman told of the incident of the two coppers, the Treasurer replied, “Young man, we have had the whole office force of that great railroad at work for two weeks trying to account for those two cents.”

“A good many years ago,” says the *American Boy*, “a young man found some verses in an old book. He copied them on his typewriter and sold them to a magazine as his own. That was the small beginning. He went into business and a dozen years passed. He had forgotten the incident probably, when he made application to appear before a body of men to address them upon a subject that meant much to his future. There was a man on that committee to which his letter was read who had himself actually written the original of those verses. He had remembered the incident and the name of the man who had stolen them; of course, he told the story to the committee. The request of the man was refused and all those years of integrity in business in between were put to nought by that one little dishonest act years old. It gave the committee a feeling that the man in question was not a safe man to entrust with grave responsibilities. Can you blame them?”

• All growth and development is an accumulation of littles whether in the physical, mental, or spiritual realm. We study the stump of some mighty tree and we discover that that huge shaft grew only about a quarter of an inch in diameter each year, and that it actually took a thousand



years for it to reach its growth. Good habits, self-control, patience, and unselfishness grow just like that too, from wabby saplings to full-grown unyielding characters.

Recently a certain man, famous for his almost marvelous stores of accurate information on every conceivable subject, was asked to tell how he had managed to accumulate them when his every day had been filled with other kinds of work. He tells his secret in the *Youth's Companion*.

"I have made it a habit of my life for many years just before getting on the street car in the morning to go to my large dictionary and select at random an unfamiliar word. I carefully read the derivations and definitions, then during my working hours I keep that word at the back of my head, and if opportunity offers I use it in my conversation or letter writing. You may guess that in twenty years I've accumulated a good many useful words. When there are illustrations, I take time to study them closely for a moment. It is amazing the fund of accurate information that I have so gathered. As a sample of all the past weeks in twenty years, here are the things I learned this week:

"On Monday I learned what the comma bacillus is—that it causes Asiatic cholera. On Tuesday I discovered the anemometer, an instrument for measuring the wind, what it looked like, for its picture accompanied the text, and learned the inventor's name. On Wednesday I became acquainted with the junco, a bird of the finch family. On Thursday I got a glimpse of Babism, a religious cult that I had never heard of, which, I believe, has made many converts in recent years. On Friday it was a lesson in physiology—the larynx, with several interesting illustrations. This morning, Saturday, I struck the word 'cognomen,' and found out its Roman application."

Without the "little rain drops" the world would be a barren desert. An inch of rain seems a very, very little bit

for any section, yet, for an inch of rain one hundred tons of water is required to the acre. Equally thought-provoking are the figures recently given out by the Chicago Health Department which indicate that eight and one-half tons of soot a year fall in that city on *every acre of the downtown section*.

If little kindnesses, scattered habitually to those about us, accumulate into great blessings, little thoughtlessnesses grow by the same rule into great hardships for others. Little habits grow up, too, and become big habits that determine our characters. Little savings accumulate until we have a competency for old age. Little excesses rob us of years of life, as these little indulgences finally hand us their bills in approaching old age, and after paying them, we find ourselves bankrupt in health and energy.

For years guides took visitors at St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice to a spot where a tiny stream of sand was slowly trickling down from between the bricks, and then the fateful day came when news was flashed all round the world that the great Campanile had fallen. It took centuries to do it, and yet it was an inevitable result of the constant loss of tiny bits of sand.

Very many times the only difference between complete success and absolute failure; between great usefulness and utter uselessness, lies in some small, almost insignificant flaw. I have a large nitrogen light in my office, a marvel of workmanship and ingenuity. Look at it and apparently, it is a complete and perfect light, yet it will not burn. A closer examination reveals the fact that the filament inside—that slender wire almost too small to be seen with the naked eye—has slightly parted at one point. Accordingly, as a light it is a complete failure, and I am going to throw it into the ash can.

I have a gold watch, perfect in workmanship and design, an intricate design of delicate wheels and bearings, yet, it

refuses to keep correct time. The jeweler tells me that the only thing wrong with it is that one of the smallest of the hidden jewels is slightly cracked. Yet a boy will refuse to believe his one little flaw—nagging, shirking, or what not—is spoiling the family life in his home.

A wonderful cathedral clock in a certain European city, with beautiful chimes that had never failed to sound at each appointed hour, suddenly failed to peal forth its music. The whole population was astonished and frightened, thinking it was a forewarning of impending evil. There were men grown old and feeble who could not remember that such a thing had ever occurred before. Quickly they gathered in excited groups.

Slowly the old caretaker, filled with misgiving, climbed the dust-covered ladder that led into the tower, and carefully examined the huge works, but he could not locate the trouble. With an anxious shake of his head he slowly descended to report his failure to the crowds waiting to learn what was the difficulty. The anxiety grew and grew. Finally, the village watchmaker climbed up and after long and careful search he found the cause of the trouble. The large springs and main wheels were all perfectly in order, but *the crushed body of a butterfly had lodged in the hair spring*. He removed it, and soon the old clock sent forth again its reassuring chime.

A butterfly in the hair spring! How insignificant! Boys are not the only ones—if all the facts could be known,—there are many men, also, that fail to fulfil their true mission in the world because of just some such hidden trifle. It is, therefore, never wise for any of us to underestimate the real size and treat as we will if we do, lightly the deceivingly simple thoughts, acts, and experiences that make up our daily lives. “Each act, each word, each thought of our life to-day becomes a mosaic in the mansion of our destiny; thus we decree our fate to ourselves.”

## THE GREATEST DANGER IN THE WORLD

EVERY moment that we live we are in danger. Fires, floods, earthquakes, lightning, automobiles, trolley cars, frightened horses, airships, pestilence and war lie in wait to do us harm. Every newspaper in the land is full each day of the human tragedies that represent the victories of danger over the safe-guards and precautions that we take against it. People are electrocuted by live wires, struck down by falling material from buildings, crushed in elevators, injured by stumbling on slippery steps, poisoned by bad food, mangled in railroad wrecks, and suffer in hundreds of other ways. Yet few folks are really aware after all of their greatest danger.

It was a clever Detroit boy who pointed out to us, in a recent Safety First Contest held in that city, the greatest danger in the world. A prize was offered to the one who named the greatest danger that might ordinarily befall the people of Detroit. Bank presidents, captains of industry, the Chairman of the Board of Public Safety, and other notables, were the judges. Thousands upon thousands of answers were submitted, but this wide-awake boy, who used his head, as well as his eyes, in sizing up dangerous situations, hit upon the prize-winning answer. Like most wonderful things, the boy's answer was so simple, so absolutely obvious that as soon as it was printed in the papers a thousand other contestants at once exclaimed, "Oh, why didn't I say that, I knew it all the time." Business men smiled; preachers nodded their heads approvingly; the general public laughed. It was so ridiculously simple and yet it was one of the truths that each of us need to apply so thoroughly that we shall never be able to unlearn the habit.

"The greatest danger that may befall any of the people in Detroit," said he, "*is to fall into a rut.*" He was absolutely right. After all, comparatively few people get run over, mangled in wrecks, or struck dead, but every day numberless people all over the big, busy world are sinking a fraction of an inch deeper into one rut or another, and the great pity of it is few of them are ever able to extricate themselves.

Make no mistake. This falling into a rut is a tremendous disaster, for "a rut is nothing more or less than just a grave with the ends kicked out." Such unfortunate prisoners have really just allowed themselves to be buried alive.

"But," you say, "if getting into a rut is so dangerous and such a terrible misfortune, why do so many people keep on falling into them?" Folks keep on falling into ruts for the very same reason that water always falls into a rut—*it's the line of least resistance.*

Some people think that if you just keep moving you are bound to get somewhere worth while, but this is a great mistake. Although the proverbial frog-in-the-well kept moving, you remember what happened to him. I know a boy who has made hundreds of trips a day for several years from the main floor of a skyscraper to the tower, but he hasn't had a raise in salary or a promotion in all that time. *He's in a rut.* True, it is an up-and-down one, but a rut just the same, and he keeps it up, all because now it is the easy thing for him to do. That work does not force him to think much; nor to learn anything new. All there is to it is to operate a lever, open and shut the doors—and, of course, eat and sleep between times. Buried alive and doesn't know it!

Satisfied to-day as a boy with himself and his job, he'll never be anything as a man but a common-garden-variety of elevator boy. The necessary struggle to get out would mean regular hours for study and reading, or perhaps



attending night school. Are such things too big a price to pay to save one from a rut?

I know a sick boy, thin, emaciated, and colorless. His folks worry about him and spend hard earned money upon him, but it is no use. He is in a rut. He is too lazy to exercise. It is too much trouble to play vigorously. He never has had to do any manual labor. He has just sat around and read stories and more stories and exercised his mind only until he is in a physical rut all the skilled physicians of a great city can't lift him out of.

A certain football coach who had turned out a winning team for five years had his players overwhelmed in a game with a raw team from a small town whose only coaching had come from an older boy. That boy, however, was a good student of the rule book and a close observer. At first the papers couldn't understand it, but when the same raw team beat two more leading colleges, the explanation was discovered. Those college coaches had all fallen into ruts. Winning had become too easy. They didn't prepare new plays, or train vigorously; accordingly they slid into a rut. A young chap with half their experience, who used his head and was up-and-doing, beat them easily.

A great manufacturing concern that had practically controlled a certain product suddenly awakened to find that their business was slipping away from them and going to a new, young competitor. The President snorted and raved at the idea that anyone could make his own special commodity as well as he could. Upon investigation, he found to his surprise that a young chap from his very own factory who had grown thoroughly disgusted with the shiftless methods and old-fashioned machinery used had offered to supply the brains if another man would furnish the necessary capital. From the very first day the venture turned out a success. No man or business that is deep in a rut can put up much competition.

Now, being in a rut and being a failure is about one and the same thing. Successful men are rarely found in ruts. Constant energy, alertness, and enthusiasm are the safety devices that save boys from ruts. Avoid falling into a rut in your thinking, in your conduct, in your reading, in your eating, in your pleasures, in your friendships, and in your pastimes. Procrastination and downright laziness hold more folks in ruts than anything else. Mr. Walter Pulitzer's advice in the *New York Herald* is excellent at this point:

My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn,  
On the banks of the River Slow,  
Where blooms the Waitawhile flower fair  
And the Some-time-or-other scents the air  
And the soft Go-easys grow?

It lies in the Valley of What's-the-use,  
In the province of Let-her-slide;  
That old "tired feeling" is native there—  
It's the home of the listless I-don't-care,  
Where the Put-it-off's abide.

How much better to go with Kipling's explorer even if it means a long and perilous journey. The old prospector might have stayed and dug with the gang, and wasted days and nights, but he chose rather to follow the promptings of the mysterious whisper that was always striving to save him from the rut of being a common miner:

"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go  
and look behind the Ranges  
Something lost behind the Ranges—Lost  
and waiting for you—Go."

It pays never to be content, but to be constantly seeking something better. Such folks rarely fall victims to ruts.

Someone once said that "the whole world was in league to reduce living to the commonplace," which is but another way of saying that ruts are the line of least resistance.

Therefore, if you would be big and useful and a joy to yourself and others, steer clear of the rut—it is the greatest danger in the world.

Dare to cut your own channel.

Dare to think your own thoughts.

Dare to act on your own convictions.

Dare to lead—there will always be plenty of followers.

Eyes to the front; hand on the throttle; foot on the clutch—

Steer clear of the ruts—

Choose the open road!

"Sad will be the day," wrote Phillips Brooks, "for any youth when he becomes absolutely contented with the life he is living; with the thoughts he is thinking, and the deeds he is doing; when there is not forever beating at the door of his soul some great desire to do something larger which he knows he was meant and made to do."



PART II

OPEN YOUR MIND



## WHAT BECOMES OF YOUR THOUGHTS WHEN YOU LET GO OF THEM?

I ONCE knew a shrewd old truck gardener who always drove a certain gray horse. On one occasion I asked him why it was that he did not exchange the horse for an auto truck as all his neighbors were doing. With a merry twinkle in his black eyes he said to me, "You see, I can trust my horse to take me safely home in the mornings when my route is done, for I very often fall asleep on the wagon, but with an auto, I'd have to drive carefully every single minute."

No wonder this simple man prized his horse for all he had to do was to release the lines and the faithful beast would set out at once for the best and safest place on earth for a sleeping gardener—home.

Now, we are all in a very real sense drivers—drivers of our thoughts. They take us from place to place. Hitched to our loads, they enable us to accomplish our work in the world. But they have to be driven. True, a good many of our thoughts do jog along somewhat like the horses on a milk wagon, going a certain route more easily than anywhere else and making stops without being told to; but they know that they are being watched every foot of the way, and that we are always at hand to keep them on the right road. But just supposing that these "milk team" thoughts suddenly discover that the driver has gone to sleep, what then?

The point is where *do* your thoughts take you when you

give them the reins? Do they set out at once on pleasant, interesting journeys, or do they promptly turn off the "best roads" and take you into deserts of petty selfishnesses and alleys of suspicion and hate, or perhaps into totally forbidden pastures?

I have a friend who drives a very old model car, ugly, noisy and out-of-date. When I ask him why he doesn't sell it and get a new one, he tells me he's afraid that afterwards he'll be sorry he did it, and then he adds with a knowing wink at the old bus, "You know she keeps the road so beautifully, I rarely ever have to fight the wheel. I'm afraid I'd get one of the sort that is forever scaring you to death by plunging this way or that, the instant you take your hand off the control or your eyes off the road. Somehow my old bus seems to just love a good road."

Men have devised all sorts of ways of measuring other men's real value and worth. Some have said, "You can know a man by the friends he keeps." Others say, "The books one reads are a certain index to character." Yet others declare that "the way a man spends his leisure time is the sure test of his quality." Some say "A man's bank balance tells the whole tale." Another judges by reputation, and yet another by popularity, but let me suggest a much more certain way than any of these. *Tell me where your thoughts go when you turn them loose and I'll not only estimate your present worth but your future prospects.*

Thoughts are the greatest things in the world, for from them springs all action. A man can no more think careless or evil thoughts and expect to do worth-while things than he can expect to harvest a crop of grapes from a field of watermelon vines. They simply do not belong together. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," not the thoughts that he *compels* himself to think when he is wrestling with

some specific problem in school or at work, but *the thoughts he thinks when he turns his thoughts loose to play.*

But let us go back to my friend the truck gardener. I did not finish my story. Don't suppose for a single moment that the old gray horse had *always* set out to take his master home when he felt the lines go slack, simply because he knew home was the best place on earth for the tired old man. By no means. That shrewd old truck gardener had thought the whole thing out. He knew full well he was liable to fall asleep most any time while driving, and to insure himself against any possible disaster at such times he had deliberately trained that horse to go home when he felt the lines slack. How? Why, by letting the teachable beast discover that there was always grain and hay for him in the barn when he got home—more and better than he could ever hope to find by going off on “a wild goose chase” of his own.

Our thoughts will do exactly the same thing if we will but train them and take care to provide a generous amount of attractive food for them. If we fail to do this, why shouldn't they wander off into all sorts of strange and dangerous places? Most boys treat their thoughts, nevertheless, just as the old prospector does his pack burros—work them hard a few hours a day and then “turn them loose to pick up their own food.”

Did you ever have the experience of hunting up a lost pack animal—one that you had “turned loose to rustle its own grass” the night before, because you were tired and cranky? I did once, and do you know that pesky little brute, instead of being content with a whole valley full of meadow grass close at hand, actually climbed up over a great barren granite ridge—curiosity I suppose—slipped on a crumbling cliff, fell, and broke his leg. Yes, we had to shoot the poor animal, and carry his pack the rest of the way ourselves, but it served us right.

Every boy in the world ought to have a hobby, a whole flock of them; one for winter, one for spring, one for summer, and one for fall, with a few extras for rainy days. Watch out for the boy who finds it hard to kill time. He is almost certain to be one of those fellows who has forgotten to give his thoughts anything to do when he "un-hitches" them from his daily work. On the other hand, it is great to find a boy who has a hundred things saved up to do, most of which he may *never* get done; but if he has specific books he wants to read, specific places he wants to go, specific things he wants to make, and specific facts he wants to know, no sooner will he slacken the lines of attention than those lively, eager, enthusiastic thoughts of his will be off at a gallop for something worth while—and he will invariably find himself in pleasant places, and incidentally be happier, healthier, and more satisfied with the world, himself, and his relations to it.

If you honestly wish to get an accurate picture of your real self, and to determine your own intrinsic worth, just make a little written memorandum for one day of where your thoughts go when you chance to turn them loose, even if it is only for a few seconds. You will have no trouble in interpreting the significance of such a record.

Tell me what you *think* and I'll tell you what you are, for you *do* what you *think* and you *are* what you *do*.

## BUILDING YOUR OWN LIBRARY

EVERY modern boy expects *sometime* to have a library all his own. But why postpone this important subject until you are grown? No matter how old you are a real library which has been carefully and wisely built will be certain to include a careful selection of the very best books

for boys anyway, and you might just as well begin the building of that library now. A start may be made with a dozen books, but a library can never be built without a start.

But why have a library at all when in these modern times there are already so many easily accessible libraries—public libraries, school libraries, club libraries, and the libraries of your friends, the books of which may so easily be borrowed? You might as well ask why have personal friends when the world is a reasonably friendly place. When you need a friend you may easily go out and make one for the occasion, or borrow someone's else friends—all of which, of course, is foolishness. There is an intimate personal something about your own friends that makes them different from just "folks" in general, and while you may care for "folks" wherever you find them, you must have a few of them that are your very own friends. Because you understand them and in turn they understand you, they are constantly stimulating you as an individual to better and bigger things. In fact, "next to acquiring good friends the best acquisition in the world is that of good books."

What boy has not been spurred on to better efforts in business, in athletics, in fact, in all phases of life, by reading about the splendid accomplishments of other real boys? What boy has not felt the call to become a great soldier, sailor, explorer, aviator, preacher, merchant-prince, or inventor as the result of coming to know and to appreciate such characters in his reading? The heroes of a boy's books are as real to him as his own play-fellows. Their standards become his standards. If they are mean, and ignoble, stooping to any means to gain their ends, the boy unconsciously becomes like them. On the other hand, if they uphold ideals of honesty, fair play, and courage, he comes to recognize these characteristics as desirable.



Every boy readily recognizes that he needs some coaching in order to make even a fair showing at "Playing the Game of Life." If this be so, what other argument is needed for the value of constantly having close at hand a few of the best books for counsellors and friends, books which a boy will want to read and re-read, for "a boy who knows what he has read, and who loves what he knows, and who knows how to use what he knows, is of course, worth a dozen boys who have merely skimmed lightly over a much more extensive field. Not that which is eaten, but that which is assimilated, made a very part of one's bone and sinew, gives health, strength, and lasting benefit," says James H. Canfield. Keep your eye on the boy of a few books if they are well chosen and thoroughly mastered. As in selecting friends, then, aim at quality, not quantity. Choose the sort that will supply your own needs whether they would exactly fit anyone else or not.

A boy's own library, then, is his collection of intimate Silent Comrades, constantly keeping him company, constantly suggesting new ideas and ideals, and constantly helping him to understand people, events, and conditions about him. Lyman Abbott once said, "A good book is a good friend. It will talk to you when you want it to talk and it will keep still when you want it to keep still."

On the other hand, every book a boy reads is no more worthy to have a place in his permanent library than are all his chance acquaintances worthy to be called personal friends. Have a very clearly defined reason why any book is finally granted a permanent place in your library.

Of course, seek to have a variety, but be certain that every volume is an evil-spirit destroyer—a book that will make fear of failure leave you, that will cause you to forget doubts and indecisions. Have books of fiction, certainly, but only the best; have a few choice biographies; a selected volume or two of poetry; a few historical books;

several on travel; a few on science and invention; practical mechanics; sports; outdoor life; and of course, a number along the lines of your hobby and of your future vocation.

But how is one to tell whether a given book is worthy of a place in a permanent library? Here are a few simple rules that can always be depended upon to help you reach a conclusion.

*First*, you must like the book. If it has no attraction for you, no matter how good it may be, it will never become a true friend.

*Second*, it must present high ideals of honesty and fair play. That does not mean at all that it must necessarily be a purely inspirational book; neither does it mean that it must be a wishy-washy, old-fashioned, goody-goody story; however, it does mean that it must be a high class, well written, masculine presentation of what real manhood is and does.

*Third*, it must present a true perspective and constructive philosophy of life. There is so much to learn in the world that it is a great pity to spend your time gathering mis-information that must be unlearned again before real facts can take its place. Hopeful, optimistic books are best. "Grouches" and "cynics" are despicable, so why have them around, even in bound form?

*Fourth*, every book chosen should be so written as to help a boy to think straight and to draw honest, logical conclusions. Avoid having books in your library that fail to present a genuine respect for *bonafide* learning and science.

*Fifth*, be sure your selection is written in good English. Culture, manners, and refinement are contagious and can be caught from what you read. Be sure then that the book in question presents the sort of culture you wish to display to your associates and to the world in general.

These, then, are some of the guiding principles that

you will need to keep in mind as you set about seriously to gather a choice collection of worthy Silent Comrades.

Now, how much of a library may you reasonably expect to own? How shall you go about its selection most wisely even with these principles in mind? Shall you add to your permanent library all books that happen to become your property from gifts and the like, or shall you sharply differentiate between just books and "your library?" Let us try to answer at least partially a few of these questions.

Now, since the best books are simply the best men and women, at their best, and more than anxious to enter into close and friendly relations with whoever will, in building a library you should seek to know something of the author as well as his message. By so doing, books become very personal, even encyclopedias and dictionaries become newly interesting, for in spite of themselves they reflect something of the ideals and purposes of their authors. Some boys like certain books because they were written by certain authors; other boys like certain authors because they wrote certain books. The point is, they go hand-in-hand and neither should be overlooked in making your selections.

The size of your library will ultimately depend upon how great a reader you are; upon how much money you have to invest in books, and upon the interest that you, your parents, and your friends take in your library. Do not suppose, however, that in order to build up a library you must make a large outlay of money. That is all well enough for book collectors, but neither paper nor binding nor even color plates in themselves make a book worth while. It is the soul of the book in which you are interested. Therefore, do not hesitate to select the plainer editions. In fact, many of the choicest titles may now be had in the various inexpensive editions sold by leading publishers. By confining your purchases largely to these editions, you may often obtain two titles for the price of

one, and consequently own twice the library that you might have had otherwise.

Many excellent bargains in choice books may be had at almost any good second-hand bookstore. This is especially true if you know exactly what you want. Oftentimes expensive and beautifully illustrated sets of one kind or another may be picked up in this way and added to your library at small cost. Very frequently it is possible to add to your collection special books along the line of your hobby, or of your future vocation.

Such books as you buy now, however, purchase from a reputable book dealer and if at all possible come to know personally a clerk who specializes in books for boys. Confer with him about your proposed purchases. If this is impossible, then buy only on the advice of a librarian or from a widely accepted list. Make it a practice to read the brief book reviews carried from time to time by all leading boys' magazines, and strive to keep your selection as diversified as is practicable, but of course, according to your interests.

Take good care of your books. Provide a case or curtained shelves for them. It is usually wise either to write your name neatly and the date of the purchase on the fly leaf of each volume or else secure a simple gummed bookplate which you can attach to the inside cover or back fly leaf. Make it a practice to keep a simple record of your own books. If you lend them, make a little memo of the person's name, the date, and the title of the book loaned. This seems like a lot of useless trouble, but books are easily mislaid or forgotten and then lost. By having your name in them they will usually get back to you sooner or later.

Of course, it would be folly to try to list all the books here that you ought to have in your library, for no two boys' libraries will ever be alike, and still each one in turn

may show excellent taste and careful selection. But there are a *few* books, most of which ought to find a place in *every boy's* library—sometime—and not only find a place on the shelf, but a place in the heart of the owner.

Be sure your library includes a first class Bible. Not a cheap, unattractive one, but a reliable reference book with adequate maps, concordance, and other helps. The Bible is literature, no matter what else you may think of it, and no boy knows the best books unless he has more than a passing acquaintance with this "Greatest Book in the World." Then there should be a good standard dictionary. If it is illustrated and gives a section to proper names, so much the better. There is no more interesting volume in any library than a dictionary; own one and use it. Next comes some sort of an encyclopedia. An encyclopedia is a reliable mine of information. Buy a good one even if you must secure it *one volume at a time*. A good durable binding is the most desirable, and when anything comes up in your school life, your play activity or your work, about which you do not know, consult your friend the encyclopedia. If perchance you should purchase a second-hand set, be sure it is not too old, as the world we live in is moving very rapidly and encyclopedias, like all reference books, get badly out of date. Then have a good atlas if possible, and you are ready to begin to add books of fiction, biography, poetry, practical mechanics, and other subjects.

Probably your largest number of volumes will be books of adventure, yet you will probably decide to add to your own library only a small per cent. of the books of adventure that you will read. It is likely you will wish to own a copy of Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and perhaps "Kidnapped"; Pyle's "Men of Iron"; and Kipling's "Captains Courageous"; Dumas' "Count of Monte Cristo"; a few of O. Henry's books; a volume of Richard Harding Davis'



stories; a selection or two from Mark Twain (perhaps "Tom Sawyer" or "Huckleberry Finn" or, if you are older, "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court"); Porter's "Scottish Chiefs"; "Thaddeus of Warsaw"; D. M. Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman"; a selection or two from Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales"; and perhaps a volume from Stewart Edward White. Scout stories and books of that class have their place and are certainly worth reading, but it is doubtful if many even of the best of them are worthy of a place in a limited library.

Be sure to have a half-dozen strong, impelling biographies. Start with one of Lincoln. Morgan's "Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man" is excellent. Hagedorn's "Boy's Life of Roosevelt" should be in the library of every American boy. Then select a standard work on your favorite great men, whether they be Edison, Marconi, Daniel Boone, Perry, John Paul Jones, or Horace Greeley. Select also the story of at least one of the great outstanding missionary figures of modern times. Know the life of David Livingstone, James Robertson, or Doctor Grenfell.

Have a poet whom you have come to understand and love. A boy does not know the best things in books until poetry has found a real place in his reading. Have a volume or two that you have read and re-read. It may be Longfellow, Tennyson, Robert Service, Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, Sidney Lanier or Rudyard Kipling, but know at least something of the best poetry. Porter's "Poems of Action" is a splendid selection, especially for older boys. "The World's Best Poetry" is the very best collection.

Have a good history or two, preferably an American history and a world history. The age at which you start your library will have something to do with this special selection. Begin perhaps with "The Story of Thirteen Colonies" from "The Story of the Nations," series.

Ploetz's "Epitome of History" will be of special interest to older boys and is an exceedingly valuable general reference. Laut's "Canadian Commonwealth" is also a splendid volume for boys on both sides of the line.

Select a travel book or two as a start, for since the Great War every American boy realizes he is a world-citizen and is much more interested in foreign countries and people than formerly. If you cannot actually travel, chum now and then with some one who has been able to travel and carefully read their written records. Perhaps Lummis' "Some Strange Corners of our Country" and Brooks' "First Across the Continent" are as good as any to select. Add Roosevelt's "African Game Trails," Kipling's "The Jungle Book," and Brook's "Marco Polo."

We live in a scientific age and every boy is tremendously interested in the marvelous achievements made possible by applying science to the problems of life. The field is so specialized, however, that it is next to impossible to suggest titles. Bond's "On the Battle-Front of Engineering" is a boy's favorite. Darrow's "A Boy's Own Book of Great Inventions," Bond's "Scientific American Boy," Williams' "Miracles of Science," and Duncan's "New Knowledge" are all worth while. Then to these must be added books along the line of your special scientific interest whether that be electricity, aircraft, photography, automobiles, chemistry, or what not. A specialist in any of these lines will be glad to recommend the best books for your personal needs.

Then, of course, there will be at least one book on sports. It may deal solely with your favorite game or it may be general. For instance, Withington's "Book of Athletics," and Claudy's "The Battle of Baseball" are favorites. Most boys think of camping as belonging to the sports too, and so will want at least one or two reliable volumes on camping. Kephart's "Manual of Woodcraft and Camping" is



the great standby. Miller's "Camprcraft" is also good, and then there are the endless choice volumes on outdoor handicraft and woodcraft. Select a number to your liking.

Nature books have always been a prime favorite with boys, and of course, no library would be complete without a few of the best of these. Again, however, they are for the most part specialized and selection must be left to the individual. However, a few general nature books of the story and information type are worthy of a place in every boy's library. Hodge's "Nature and Life" will serve admirably as a general introduction. Then add a bird book, such as Pearson's "Birds of America," and a tree book, such as Keeler's "Our Native Trees and How to Identify Them." For flowers, select either one dealing with local flowers, or Mathew's "Field Book of American Wild Flowers." For insects, there are many: Cragin's "Our Insect Friends and Foes," McCook's "Nature's Craftsman," and others are excellent. For stars, Proctor's "Easy Star Lessons," or "Half Hours with the Stars." Add to these such animal stories as especially appeal to you, like those by Ernest Thompson Seton, Enos Mills, C. G. D. Roberts, and others.

As to books of information, "their name is Legion." No matter what you want to know, there are a number of choice titles covering the subject. Obviously, they cannot be listed here, but no matter what your special line may be there is a book, so add one or more each on gardening, handicraft, pets, minerals, photography, business, and so on to the end of your list of interests, only in each case, select first class and reliable works.

It would seem at first thought that this about completes a beginning list, but there are still two general lines of books that are very important but that unfortunately are often left out. By all means have a few purely inspirational books—not "preachy" volumes, but books dealing

with the great problems that confront every boy on his way to a useful and successful life. Moore's "Keeping in Condition" should by all means be there. Barton's "A Young Man's Jesus," King's "Rational Living," and Foster's "Making Life Count" are full of the right sort of talk. Such volumes are a boy's guide books and should be not only personally read but owned.

The other general class that should be represented is the modern vocational book. What you are going to do with your life is of the greatest importance, and yet most boys leave that vital issue largely to chance. By all means have a few of the best vocational books in your library and go to them often for a quiet hour-or-two's reading. Weaver's "Profitable Vocations for Boys" is good. Gowin's "Vocations" will especially interest older boys. Rollin's "What Can a Young Man Do" is full of the right sort of information. As you grow older and come to see more clearly your own probable life work, then select specialized volumes along the chosen line. Most older boys should give a much larger share of their reading time to vocational reading than they do.

How large a library then is it reasonable to expect an average boy to own? To this question there is no adequate answer. Too many things "depend," but one point is clear. A carefully planned and wisely started library will grow and grow surprisingly. James H. Canfield says in this connection:

"As well ask how many friends shall the average boy have—and make the same answer: 'As many as will make life larger; the sky brighter and the stars of God nearer.' Long before a limit is reached, the 'average boy' will have become an 'extraordinary old man'; and the world will be far better and richer because he has thus learned the value of close and constant association with the wise and the good of all ages, through his books."

## THE VICTORY HABIT

THERE is a deal of difference between knowing about a great many things and knowing how to use the great many things that you know. The whole world is full of instances of deeds of tremendous import possible only because some one at hand had learned to use his wits. What boy has not reveled in the pages of "Swiss Family Robinson," and marveled how a whole family, suddenly cast upon a desert island, was able not only to live, but to enjoy life thoroughly, all by reason of their resourcefulness. Robinson Crusoe would never have come down to us through the years if it had not been for his ability to make the most of whatever situation he found himself in, and his absolute refusal to acknowledge defeat. If every boy, like Crusoe, would develop the same confidence in his ability to solve whatever problem he finds confronting him and would learn the fine art of bringing his brains to bear on whatever circumstances a given situation presents, the two giants "Failure" and "Impossible" would soon be subdued.

The humble oyster gives us a practical illustration of this point. How simple it would be for Mr. Oyster simply to give up and die when the sharp sand that so often works its way into his shell begins to annoy him. But does he? No! Since he has no hands or other means with which to remove the irritation, he quietly turns the sand into a pearl and thereby not only solves his problem, but tremendously increases his own value.

After all, being resourceful is only being expert at the game of life. A knotty situation develops; it quickly becomes a challenge. The way you meet the situation will determine whether you are a winner or a loser in the game. Form the habit of winning in difficult situations by the

use of your wits. The more difficult the situation, the more fun do you make it to work it out.

A certain high official of a distant Indian province, in a burst of good feeling, promised that he would bestow upon the poor of his district the weight of his own elephant in silver. When the time came for him to fulfill his promise there naturally arose a great argument as to just how much the huge brute weighed. Not one of their primitive scales was large enough to hold the elephant and the various men called upon to estimate its weight varied greatly in their opinions. The official, having now regretted his rash agreement, saw an opportunity to cancel his promise because his exact obligation could not be computed. Among the poor, however, that were to be benefited by the proposed gift was a boy who had learned to use his wits. He offered to determine the weight of the elephant exactly if the chieftains would aid him. The official agreed, as he was certain that such a feat would be impossible for one so young and inexperienced, and that with the boy's failure the matter would be entirely dropped.

The lad then ordered that the elephant be taken to the river and that a boat be drawn up large enough to hold the creature. All was arranged as he ordered. He then proceeded to carefully mark the water line on the boat as it stood empty. Next he ordered the elephant put aboard, and when the great planks had been placed and the huge animal had been persuaded to walk aboard, the boy again marked the water line. The elephant was then led back to the land and the empty boat loaded with stone until it settled once more to the mark made by the elephant. Then, according to the story, the boy had the stones piled on the shore and weighed on a small scale and the total added together.

No less interesting is another instance close at home. The owner of a great store, thinking to provide the very

best and most intelligent clerks for the approaching Christmas rush, employed as extra help only college boys and girls. In the midst of one of the busiest days a big circular radiator on the main floor burst, sending two great streams of hot water all over everything. Some of the college men raced for tubs and buckets, while others sought frantically for the engineer. Soon they were busy catching the water as best they could, carrying each receptacle when filled to the curb and emptying it into the gutter. Such a turmoil as they did create—yet, what else was there to do? It was impossible to bind up the leaks because of the pressure.

It was left, however, to a messenger boy, who chanced to enter just then, to give them the information they needed. After watching the college boys laboriously carry several tubs of water to the street, a smile spread over his face and, stepping up to one, he said, "Say, Mister, why don't one of you 'uns *shut off* that radiator?"

At the Thornton farm Mrs. Thornton was very much provoked over the persistency with which one of her hens insisted on setting. She had tried every means that she had ever heard of to persuade that hen to give up her evil ways, but all to no avail.

When matters were at their worst a neighbor boy chanced in.

"Henry, your father tells me you are a very resourceful boy. He told me how you repaired the binder when all the men on the place were stumped, and how you patched the leaky pipe last winter with a bit of an old inner tube pulled over it when the plumbers said the whole system would have to be shut down so they could solder it. I'm wondering if you can think of a way to stop this old hen from setting?"

While Henry was much embarrassed by her praise, it never occurred to him that he could not think up a way



to solve her problems. *He had long since formed the habit of winning.* So after inquiring what she had already tried, he promised to come back in the afternoon and see what he could do to help her.

He came as he had agreed, and brought with him a common alarm clock.

"Land sakes, Henry," was Mrs. Thornton's only comment. Henry carefully wound the clock, set the alarm to go off in twenty minutes, and then, removing the hen and eggs, buried the clock in the straw of the nest and awaited developments. For some moments the hen sat and meditated with her head first on one side, then on the other. Surely, surely those chicks were not beginning to pick their shells so soon! Twice she got off and viewed the nest. A nest of eggs had never acted like that before! Finally she scratched a bit, but being unable to find anything extraordinary, settled herself again. Minutes passed, each one filled with the ominous tick-tick of Henry's clock—and then the alarm went off with a bang. The hen rose three feet in the air with such a clamor of clucking that it brought every fowl in the yard on the scene to see what could have happened. They all looked on in astonishment save the brown hen, who flew wildly through the open door and thence up on the watering trough and into the apple tree. Her eyes blinked wildly as she clucked out her fear and surprise.

Henry watched the whole performance with an amused chuckle.

"She's cured, Mrs. Thornton," he said. "But if she should try it again, just give her a second dose in some other nest. Bet she thought she had hatched, full grown, a new kind of a rooster."

A kindly old lady and her daughter recently set out to drive in their auto to the neighboring town. Half-way the engine in their little car suddenly went dead. The

two were in great distress, for neither had any idea what could be wrong until finally, on the side of the carburetor, they located a brass screw from which the threads had been stripped, allowing it to slide back and forth at will through the collar that it was supposed to control. From appearances it was too far gone to repair. It must be replaced.

Soon another car with two men came along and seeing that the women were in difficulty, they of course stopped to render any assistance they could.

"You're in bad luck," they both agreed after looking over the situation. "You'd better ride on into the city with us and send out a mechanic to make repairs or bring in your car." But the women hesitated to leave the machine alone so long on the highway.

Soon another passerby stopped, and his judgment was that "nothing but a new screw would do them a particle of good." And then came two wide-awake boys on bicycles. They too had a look at the difficulty, and one of them, who had gotten out of all sorts of difficult situations with his own bicycle, said to the ladies, "Have you such a thing as a bit of silk thread?" Unfortunately, they did not.

"I have," said the other boy, as he calmly pulled out the thread that held the two edges of his necktie together, "here." The first boy carefully wound the stripped screw with the silk thread, put a few drops of oil on it and screwed it into place. Then, taking the remaining thread, he wound it securely both behind where the screw entered the collar and underneath, making a makeshift lock-nut on both ends. It worked perfectly, and in three minutes the ladies were again on their way, praising a resourceful boy, who absolutely refused to say, "It can't be done" about anything.

Once on a playground surrounded by a heavy iron fence, the posts of which were large pipes open at the top, the



only available baseball was lost in one of the open topped posts. Gloom quickly settled on the whole crowd. No more ball for that day, and right in the middle of a good game too! Apparently the ball was gone forever, for the pipe was little larger on the inside than the diameter of the ball, and poking at it with a stick and a wire had only served to force it nearer the bottom.

A late comer inquired what all the fuss was about and was told in no uncertain words.

"Why, that's easy, dunces," he shouted. "I'll get it in two shakes," and he was off. Returning in five minutes with a pail of water, he poured it into the post and was rewarded by seeing the ball slowly rise to the surface. Carefully it was lifted out at the top and "Bennie" was given a cheer. His wits saved the day.

Just such wits saved the day many a time on the battle fronts of Europe when the most careful planning and elaborate machinery absolutely failed to do the job. For instance; on several memorable occasions the "Germans woke up somewhere along the battle line only to discover that the Yanks had completed some movement which could not have been accomplished without running motor trucks within sight of the enemy. The trucks had been busy all through the night, yet without being discovered by the German outposts.

"It was easy to cover the noise of the truck by artillery fire, which was always going on in greater or less volume. Camouflage might prevent the discovery of motor transports by the use of flares. But even a lighted match can be seen at a distance of half a mile and a light of any sort immediately attracted fire. How the trucks moved without lights, along roads pitted by shell fire, was a mystery. Yet it was a simple matter. Ahead of each truck walked one or two soldiers. Few nights were so dark as to prevent their seeing a few feet ahead. If they could

not see at all, they could feel the way with their feet. They wore wrist watches with illuminated dials turned to the rear so that the truck driver could see them, one on each side of the road. The dials could be seen but a few yards at most. They were safe even though turned in the enemy's direction. The driver could follow them easily and no word need be spoken."

It was the wits of a soldier boy stumbling up to the front line in the dark that suggested to him the idea of painting stakes on the side away from the enemy with luminous paint in order to guide the men forward. His bit of practical wit was afterwards used on a very large scale and in a number of ways.

Do you know what you know so you can use it in practical ways, or is your mind just a great dump-heap for unrelated facts? It is quite possible for even useful information to degenerate into rubbish if you do not cultivate the faculty of putting it to practical use.

"Harry Horn," says a Metropolitan newspaper, "was the only son of a very busy grocer. His job was to call every morning at back doors and take the orders for the day. However, work as he might, it was always night before he was able to finish his job and get back with the groceries. He was confident that their business might be half as large again if he could but devise a time-saver. Next door to him was a boy who had very successfully raised carrier pigeons. Harry had an idea. He arranged with the owner of the pigeons to allow him the use of a number of the mature birds. These he took with him on his rounds and when he had taken a dozen orders, dispatched them back by means of a carrier pigeon. As a result of his ingenious idea, when he returned to the store all the orders were put up and he was enabled to begin delivery at once. Soon the business grew to such an extent that not only the neighbor's pigeons, but the neigh-

bor himself was employed to carry on the work, all because of a boy with an idea."

Young Ericsson had to saw the wood for the Ericsson home, and often it grew to be very tiresome just pushing and pulling the long old homemade saw through the hard wood. But he was a resourceful boy and after much experimenting devised the circular saw and the first saw mill, to help him out of his difficulty.

History and biography supply hundreds of such examples. The resourceful boy and man win in the game of life. The mentally lazy die along the way. "Every intricate problem," says William Mathews, "solved by a boy unaided is a true victory over himself, and inspires confidence for new conquests. On the other hand, the student who knows only cyclopedias, notes, handbooks, and keys never knows anything positively, and thrown upon his own resources is utterly helpless." Why be a mental cripple with a head full of facts and information that just need organizing and applying to solve most of your problems for you?

If you are fond of adventure; if you love to meet and wrestle with all sorts of unexpected situations, then train yourself constantly to use your wits.

Never acknowledge defeat, for there is a way out. Let your song be the one sung by the army of workers who built the Panama Canal.

"Got any rivers they say are uncrossable?  
Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?  
We make a specialty of the impossible,  
Got any job that you want us to do?"

There is always some play that will win.

Probably you are already in possession of the necessary facts. All that you need is to relate them so that they will bring you a solution.

Every puzzle has its answer.

Every problem has a solution.

Can *you* win?

Certainly, if you'll learn to use your wits intelligently.

## A SUGGESTION OR TWO FROM THE BOSS

### I

FRED DARLEY responded at once to the summons from his employer's private office.

"Yes, Mr. Hoffman—what is it?"

"Fred, what makes you look so tired all the time?" said his employer kindly. Fred was an ambitious young chap from the advertising office, but for some reason he seemed forever overwhelmed with the great multiplicity of his duties.

"I've noticed you a lot of late," continued Mr. Hoffman, "and, while you're never late and appear to work hard, you seem to be always just one step behind. Nothing worrying you especially, is there?"

The young man stirred a bit uneasily. He was on absolutely friendly terms with his superior; in fact, they had gotten to be almost pals. "Why no, not especially," he parried. "That is, not exactly—on my mind—no, I can't say there is, unless er—er— Fact of the matter is, I've never taken time really to think out what *does* ail me—I've just been conscious of something the last few months. To be perfectly honest, it does bother me sometimes, but I guess after all it isn't anything but imagination." He looked at the kindly business man, who was a good many years his senior and undoubtedly much wiser, with a sort of hopeless little smile.

"Go ahead, old fellow, and get it off your chest. If it's anything I can help with, you know I'm ready. You mustn't let this advertising business get on your nerves. Perhaps you need to go a bit easier. Rome wasn't built in a day."

"I do keep at it pretty constantly," replied Fred. "I work all the time, it seems to me, night and day almost. I'm not complaining, however, I do it of my own free will. *But the thing that bothers me is that I seem to get so little accomplished.* I get frazzled out and stale in spite of myself. I take time to read and think, but somehow I'm entirely too much like the pup that chases his tail—on the go every second without getting anywhere. I do more hard work and get the least done of anybody I know, and I tell you frankly it does bother me, for I can't find the solution. My pal says I eat up nerves like a hungry tramp eats pie, and there's no use denying the fact; something does rob me of my peace of mind."

"I've noticed that, too," said the older man kindly. "I used to be that way myself back in the days when I was starting the business and was so anxious to succeed. I worked like a horse but, just as you say, I never seemed to get anywhere. Then I went into partnership with a man who was my opposite—older, more mature, much more deliberate, but a past master at dispatch. And he taught me a great lesson. He not only saved my life but my future, and I'm going to tell you, Fred, how he did it, for, unless I'm badly mistaken, you need the same treatment. *He taught me system.* There you are all in a nut shell. He was as methodical as an alarm clock, and he took my eager, buoyant, youthful spirit and patiently taught me how to harness the thing. Method was his constitution and by-laws. Method was his foot-rule and T square. He formulated everything by it from an advertising campaign to his Christmas sales. Don't mistake me,

Fred, he was not a Red Tape Worshiper—far from it—but he did everything, from dressing himself to unlocking the vault, methodically. The more a man has to do, the more imperative it is that he be methodical. You can explain more great business success to-day by that single word than in any other way. It was Goethe that said, ‘Method will teach you to win time.’ My partner never tired of reminding me that the shortest way to do things is to do only one thing at a time.

“Fred, you need to take more time to plan details. You don’t think things through before you start to execute your plan, and as a result you have to climb a lot of hills that you could just as well have left out of the climb altogether if you had sat down and chosen the best route before you started. Am I not right?”

Fred smiled a ready confession and the older man went on.

“You are continually going off half-cocked, as the boys say, and as a result you waste your cannon balls on sparrows. Then when you meet a real elephant, well, you shoot at him with an atomizer. We’re all hunters in a sense, and never forget that the successful hunter is the man of steady nerves and quiet self-possession, who understands the habits of his game, who selects his guns and ammunition wisely, and then plans out a campaign. Dispatch is what we are after, but don’t forget that method is the soul of dispatch. Method is like packing things in a box—a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one. Now, if you could do that, old fellow, you’d have time on your hands.”

Both men laughed outright.

“Study the lives of most of our great executives and you’ll see how large a place method filled in them. Roosevelt was a good example. He invariably made a plan in advance for every day. As a result he rarely seemed to



be in a hurry, but consider the staggering amount of work the man accomplished in a day of the same length that you and I have. He made very few unnecessary motions. He had the rare gift of coming quickly to the point. Any man can cultivate that way of doing things if he will.

"While we're talking about it, Fred, let me give you another suggestion that has meant everything to me, and it seems to me it would be doubly valuable to you in your work. Do you make a habit of automatically classifying ideas?"

"No, can't say that I do," replied Fred. "Just what do you mean?"

"Well, sir, I'm surprised how few men there are that have made that a habit of their lives, for I believe it is absolutely essential to success. There is more dynamite in an idea than in a thousand bombs, and the beauty of it is, Fred, there are just simply 'oodles' of ideas floating about everywhere. Every man you meet gives you from one to a dozen without being conscious of it. Every book you read is full of them, and so are papers, sermons, and everyday experience. You know, Fred, I once saw this little squib and it has helped me a lot, '*Events are only the shells of ideas.*' That fits your work exactly. Your whole job is simply developing ideas into attractive advertisements. Ideas are your stock in trade. You rise or fall with your ability to discover new ideas and to apply them rightly after you find them. Isn't that so? Sure. Well, of all men on earth that ought to be constantly on the lookout for workable ideas, you are the man. The hardest Imp in creation, however, to corner when you want him is an idea. Fred, you've got to make a business of collecting them *before* you need them and putting them away in their proper places so that you can find them when you need them.

"Why, I wouldn't take anything on earth for my collec-

tion of ideas, and they didn't cost me a cent. See here, I keep mine in this loose-leaf book. I've been collecting them a long time, but I've got an idea here, Fred, on every problem that ever confronts me in business. On many points I have a whole flock of them. See, here are those on hiring men, here on advertising, here on profit sharing, here on administration, and here on social welfare. Fred, there are my ideas gathered through all the years.

"Boy, you ought to have a book just like that. Every time you capture an idea on any phase of your work, put it down. It only takes a second, and if you don't do it they get away. Your mind isn't a squirrel cage. Use it to think with, but get the ideas from the outside. This book is my granary and it never fails to supply a grist when I need it.

"In their present form my ideas probably wouldn't be valuable to you because you couldn't work them out, just as yours wouldn't be of much service to me. Nevertheless you, plus a rich collection of ideas of your own collecting, plus a well-planned day, means success in your work. That beats taking nerve tonic all hollow. What you need more than anything I can think of is just that—the right idea at the right time in the right place. Think it over, my boy, and let's talk about it again. You mighty near got me off my schedule and I have a lot of things to do to-day. Come again."

Fred went out chuckling to himself. "That man is a regular mental osteopath," he said. "And I've been wondering for six months what ailed me!"

## II

Ten days later Fred Darley knocked at his employer's office when he knew that gentleman was not too busy to see him.

"Come in," said a cheery voice, for Mr. Hoffman was never too busy to see his friends in spite of his exacting docket.

"Hello, Fred," he said as the young advertising man opened the frosted glass door. "What's new this morning?"

"Nothing, except my personal checkroom for ideas," answered Fred, displaying his new loose-leaf book. "Thought you might like to see it," he added thoughtfully. "Room for some *ideas* in that book too. Thought you might even be willing to dedicate it with a thought or two, inasmuch as you were responsible for my starting it. I want you to write something on the fly leaf at least; a sort of a preface, you know." Both men laughed as Fred opened the new book and handed it over.

The business man took up his pen and after a moment's thought, carefully transcribed in bold, black letters—

"Don't always be a pipe dreamer—do some plumbing also."

He looked at it through half-closed lids and then smiled out loud. "There, Fred, that's one of my favorites and appropriate too—it helped me keep efficient. That reminds me, boy, I picked up two good ideas going home on the trolley last night and I haven't put them down in my own book yet. So I'll share them with you—that is if you like them. The car was packed as usual and I had to stand up. Couldn't help overhearing several bits of conversation, and out of it all got these two thoughts. Just like picking up precious jewels on a muddy street. The first I got from a young florist. He was explaining to his friend how he was able to grow such gigantic chrysanthemums. His chrysanthemums, Fred, are the talk of the town—they are simply marvelous—and he says that they come from just good, ordinary seed planted in good, ordinary soil. From the time, however, the plants are very

young he begins budding them, that is he nips off all the little buds except the most promising one. Get me—he *eliminates the things that don't count*. He runs all the sap that plant has into producing one splendid, glorious, worthwhile bloom—and he succeeds.

“Fred, that’s a great idea. A good many times we wonder what’s the matter with us. We know we’re made of good stuff and that we work hard and all that, but all we produce is a lot of measly little blooms that are just ordinary. We don’t turn all our heart, strength, and soul into one superb accomplishment. You can’t wash away great obstinate mountains by the use of a fine spray instead of one strong and mighty stream. Develop the main stem, Fred—that’s a new rule for success. Yes sir, you can put that on Page One.

“And here’s one for Page Two. Got it from a dog trainer. O-ho, no sir, all the wisdom of this old world isn’t shut up in colleges. It’s loose everywhere if you can catch it. This dog-trainer man was telling his companion about a pup he has that has just one big idea—and that’s play. Oh, yes, the dog eats and sleeps, and goes through all the regular routine of an ordinary dog’s life, but he *never lets his routine interfere with his big idea*. Just think of a dog having more sense than most men. But, Fred, it’s a fact. It seems that this dog has a bit of old garden hose and he carries it everywhere with him. If he meets up with a dog friend of his he at once suggests a romp and tussle with that hose. If he can’t find a friend and chances to meet a strange dog, he smells him all over to be courteous, and then leads up to that bit of hose. If the stranger is skeptical, that pup demonstrates all the joys of a dog and a hose—and nine times out of ten he succeeds in persuading that stranger that his hose is the greatest thing in the world. He’s a great advertiser, Fred, with his one big idea.

“He’s a past master at handling his hose, too, Fred—

he understands it through and through. If he can't find even a strange dog to grow enthusiastic over his big idea with him, then he sets out to find a boy or a man. Last week he met a blind man, and he argued so effectively about the benefits of playing with that bit of hose that that blind man finally caught the hose with the end of his cane and gave it a toss. The game was on—he had sold his big idea to a blind man, and I claim that's going some.

"When the little pup sleeps he lays that hose close at hand and sometimes he wakens, peeps out of one eye to see if it's still there, and then goes back to sleep. The whole universe revolves for him about that one big idea. And the best of it all is that the dog's so happy that he fairly forgets when he's hungry, sleepy, or tired.

"Fred, they will never have to shoot that dog for being disagreeable. He's the happiest dog in town because he 's got a big idea—and his one aim in life is to put it across.

"I've been asking myself ever since I heard that yarn, What is my big idea? What is my most consuming motive? What is the one thing I'm trying to do? I know that a real man without a big idea is like a big engine with no flywheel. It will soon wrack itself to pieces by its own energy and yet accomplish no work. Fred, a business man, young or old, without a compelling, convincing, consuming big idea is destined to failure."

"Think I'd better be getting back to my desk now," chuckled Fred. "I'll get mental indigestion if I stay here any longer. Thanks for that little nest egg of ideas. I see what you mean now. Next time it will be my turn to contribute, for I suppose you still have a few blank pages left in your book too?"

He departed with a smile, congratulating himself all the way down the hall that he had a friendly, helpful boss. "His big idea," said Fred half aloud, "is everlastingly to keep me at my best—and—well, I'll be jiggered if he



doesn't about succeed. A little chat with him is like going back to college. Guess it's up to me to do some budding myself or to find me a 'hose.' My big idea is to make good in his sight—and I'll do it if I have to give up everything else I'm interested in."

### WANTED—BRAINS PLUS

HARRY HILTON sat in the outer office waiting his turn to interview the General Manager of the Central Manufacturing Company. He had already been there an hour and had seen the men ahead of him come out of that opaque glass compartment one by one, their smiles replaced by discouragement and even dejection. Each time the door opened he looked up, and each time he was able to tell by a close scrutiny of the face emerging that there was still a chance for him.

Forty times he had thought through just what he was going to say to that man inside when he got *his* chance. How he did wish that he had some clue as to just what sort of a man he was; what his vulnerable points were; what his hobbies were; what sort of a measuring stick he used to determine a man's worth and ability, but no such luck was his. He must wait to formulate his campaign until he could actually see the man and experience first hand the impact of his personality.

As the chairs in the waiting room emptied one after another, young Hilton moved over to a seat that was in direct line with the door to the private office, hoping that he might catch at least a glimpse of the boss before his interview. He was destined, however, to disappointment again. Oh yes, there was plenty of opportunity to glance *into* the inner room, but there was only one thing to be seen



there, and that was a neatly framed motto which greeted every curious eye that peered into the private office of the President and General Manager.

At first Hilton gave that neat little sign no attention whatever, but finally it triumphed, as it always did, by its plain, bold, black-faced letters, and got a reading. It had been put there for that very purpose and scarcely a single individual ever called at that office who did not afterwards find its simple message stamped into his consciousness.

The fact was that after young Hilton read it once, he read it again, and then very carefully read it for the *third* time, smiling broadly as he did so, for surely here at last was a definite lead as to the type of the mysterious individual who was seated somewhere back there interviewing candidates for a certain very desirable position with the Central Manufacturing Company.

For several minutes Hilton sat musing on the suggestion in the motto. Finally he drew his little leather memoranda book from his pocket and carefully copied the motto down word for word—for future use.

"HOW DO YOU EVER EXPECT TO GET AHEAD IN THE WORLD," it ran, "IF YOU DON'T USE THE ONE YOU'VE GOT?"

"He's a practical sort of a fellow, that's certain, and means business from the word go," mused Hilton. "You've got to be up and coming every minute with him, and that's where I shine. Watch me capture him in the first drive." In five minutes or less he would have his chance, for he was "next," and a plan of approach was rapidly formulating itself in his mind. Beyond a doubt, he had discovered the key. He must *appear* practical; he must *talk* practical; in fact, he must persuade the gentleman that he, Harry Hilton, *was* just the practical sort of a young man that the Company was looking for.

The President and General Manager of the Central

Manufacturing Company turned in his swivel chair and greeted the practical Mr. Hilton with a friendly nod, and motioned him to a chair.

"Now, Mr. Hilton," began the executive, "I've interviewed a great string of men this morning, fine fellows a lot of them, too, but, confound it all, they every one lack what I consider one of the great fundamentals of real business success. Now, I'm going to waive the usual preliminaries with you and get right down to the heart of the matter by asking you one simple question. Mr. Hilton, what leads *you* to suppose that *you* are the man we need to fill this vacancy?"

Mr. Hilton smiled inwardly, as well as outwardly, congratulating himself the while on his own cleverness. The whole affair could not have been more to his advantage if he had arranged every detail himself. Here was a hard-headed, experienced general manager literally combing the earth for a hard-headed, practical assistant, one who was through with the wild dreamings of youth and who could talk common sense—not once in a while, but all the time, day in and day out, on every problem that arose—plain, common, practical sense. Anyone with half an eye could see what he was after, so Hilton boldly began.

"Well, sir, I believe I am the man you want because unless I am badly mistaken and have failed utterly to interpret the things I have seen and heard here in your establishment this morning, you are looking for a thorough-going, practical man, who is dead certain of his facts all the time instead of a visionary. Sir, that's me."

To Hilton's great surprise, the General Manager of the Central Manufacturing Company turned away with an audible groan of disappointment.

"So you're another one of these 'practical' fellows, are you?" he exclaimed, a look of depression on his face. "Isn't there anything else in the whole United States?"

Why man, the world is full of such men. These *practical* men who understand perfectly what they can see, hear, feel, taste, and smell. Animals can do that, sir—they are practical to the nth degree, but that isn't what I want." He almost thundered it at the now astonished Hilton. "I repeat it, sir, that is *not* what I want.

"The world, I say, is full of practical men, but they contribute little or nothing to the progress of mankind. They just hoard up and take scrupulous care of what other men have dreamed and made possible. I could have hired two dozen of the most practical men in America to-day, but I say again I don't want 'em. Sir, the plain truth is, I'm looking for a dreamer. I want a man who spends some of his time blowing bubbles. I want a man who can plainly see the things that *aren't yet* in this business. This business of ours is dying—literally dying—because all the people in it and behind it are these 'practical men.'

"We need sound business sense in every employee, of course, but more than that we need that other equally fundamental thing—imagination. The mainspring of big business after all is not hard-headedness, as some folks believe, but imagination. Give me the young man with imagination every time, and if he is worth his salt, I'll teach him practicability. But no man can teach another man—young or old—imagination. It's a natural endowment. It's a quality of the soul. It's the nine-tenths part of genius. It's the mysterious key to success. I'm always looking for young men with a full cargo of imagination that they are ready to unload in a practical fashion.

"I saw a lad in a small town the other day that's the sort I'm talking about. I've got my eye on him, for he is going to be a comer some day. He had wood to cut—a great pile of it. The practical thing for him to do was to get busy, sharpen his old saw, and buck it up—but did

he? He did not! He had an idea. His imagination was busy, as it ought to have been. He went to work, rigged a pair of large wheel-frames ten feet in diameter, and fastened them together with bits of boards so his big dog could operate them as he had seen squirrels operate a smaller drum. Behold, he had a 'one dog power' machine! Then he rigged a belt made of an old hay rope and attached the dog power to his father's idle power-saw in the barn-yard. The dog did his work while he merely fed the slabs to the saw and had fun doing it. One of these days *that* boy will be a manager.

"If he had tried to explain that fool idea to the hired man he would have put the dunce cap on him—but *the boy dared to try what seemed impossible*, certainly impractical, according to all standard notions, *and it worked*. It usually does.

"Do you suppose you 'practical' fellows would have ever given the world the process of printing? I doubt it. It took a live boy, Gutenberg by name, to do that. He had more imagination than sense. His mother was a dresser of parchments and one day the boy sat watching her prepare a batch of skins for use. As he sat he was cutting his initials in a bit of bark, probably with a new jackknife. His mother turned her back, as mothers will, just long enough for John to investigate the pot of purple dye that she was so carefully preparing. Just as you would expect, his bark letters dropped into it, and hastily he looked about for something with which to fish them out before his mother should discover them. A handy switch did the trick, but lo, when he flipped them out, all dripping with purple dye, where should they fall but on his mother's stack of precious parchment. The fat was in the fire. He was elected for a session in the woodshed. His 'practical' mother cried, 'John, you have ruined a parchment,' but when John saw the lovely purple imprint of his bark

initial, in that instant printing was born in a boy's imagination.

"The 'practical' man, sent out to find David Livingstone, laughed at him and begged him to return to England, but David's imagination had pictured a great continent civilized and he dared to go forward—to success.

"They told Columbus he was losing his mind, that the world simply could not be round, that every 'practical' person in the world agreed to that, but Christopher's imagination was working. He had a different idea and he determined to go and see.

"Fulton's 'practical' parents excused their son's queer notions when friends called at the Fulton home, and hoped the boy would outgrow them. What a pity it would have been if he had!

"Every 'practical' man in America at one time said that the very idea of a trans-continental railroad was ridiculous, that the good Lord never meant the Rockies to be bridged with steel, else he would have arranged them differently. Such talk sounded practical, but there were imaginations that would not rest and did not rest until the two oceans were bound together with ribbons of steel.

"The first traction engine was born in the mind of a farmer boy in Iowa as he plowed away in an immense field with *one little team*. When he explained his new notion, his father said he was crazy. When he went up to the State University and first talked it with his professors, they told him the Lord had made horses to plow with and called his idea a 'fool contraption.' He left and went to Wisconsin University, and actually built the first tractor secretly while a gang of 'practical' men stood around and laughed and jeered, and said it wouldn't go. To-day the child of that boy's imagination may be found by the hundreds of thousands at work all over the great western prairies.



"The hard-headed 'practical' men of a certain town were for putting the Wright Brothers into an asylum just a few years ago, because they dared to dream a big dream. Other boy aviators flew across the Atlantic while these same 'practical' fellows declared that aviation had 'no practical value' except for purposes of war.

"When Marconi suggested that he could talk to ships at sea, his best friends said he was daft, and that since he had gotten to experimenting he had become impractical and lost his head. Yet to-day every ship that sails the seas is forced by law to carry his 'impractical notion' as a part of its equipment.

"Cyrus Field made fifty-two trips across the ocean before he got the first Atlantic cable into place. Everybody said, 'the man is insane; he will wear himself out with his crazy notion.' But there was no use trying to dissuade him. He saw it already in operation—in his mind's eye.

"Some say that Edison's discovery of the talking machine was an accident, but that is not the exact truth. It came about as the result of an extraordinary incident plus imagination. A thoroughly 'practical' man could never have discovered the talking machine because he would have said at the very beginning that such a thing was impossible.

"The most 'practical' engineers in the world said the proposed Roosevelt Dam was an idle dream, the child of an overwrought imagination, but to-day it waters a vast desert and causes it to bloom like a rose, because somebody saw that desert blooming first—in his imagination.

"What 'practical' man would have ever attempted to have built a modern comptometer, for instance? Why, my friend," said the General Manager, smiling in a kindly fashion at the spellbound Harry Hilton, "such queries might be asked all day and the answer would always be the same. The 'practical' man is all right; he's safe and



conservative and all that, but what business men want everywhere is men with brains—plus imagination; men who can dream dreams and then set about it and give them practical form.

“If you hadn’t insisted the very first crack out of the box, young fellow, that you were so terrifically practical, I might have given you a chance, but it’s no use. ‘How do *you* ever expect to get ahead in the world if *you* don’t use the one you have?’ Good day, Mr. Hilton. Pardon me for taking so much of your time.” And “practical” Mr. Hilton stumbled out like the others, to think it all over, while the Central Manufacturing Company continued its search for a dreamer of practical value.

## OUR GRINDSTONES

WE ARE all builders of some sort. Some of us build houses, some ships, some railroads, some one thing, some another. But there is *one* thing we all build, whether we wish to or not, and that is character. Although many of us lose sight of the fact, character is the most important thing any of us ever build, for “What one is, rather than what one does, is his supreme gift to the world.”

Now if we are builders, we must have tools. A man can not dig a hole unless he has a shovel, or saw a board unless he has a saw, or bore a hole without a bit. A good builder has good tools, and for the building of character one must have good tools too. Mother Nature rigged our tool box and in it she put two eyes and two ears, a nose, two feet and two hands, and most important of all, a mind. After she had so wonderfully equipped each of us, she said, “There now, my child, go to work and build for yourself a character and remember your character will be the sum

total of your thinking, of your dreaming, of your impressions, of your expressions, of your reading, of your play, of the things that interest you most. Each day by what you *think* and *hear* and *do* you will add or subtract from your character. By and by I will come again to inspect your building."

Perhaps you never thought of yourself as being in the contracting business, but that is exactly what you are in—that is, if you are a real, live person. *You have contracted to build a life and a living and the two combined will make your character*, for after all you *are* what you do. The one whose everyday life is full of helpful, useful thoughts and interests and actions, builds well. Apply that thought to the folks you know best and see how true it is. On the other hand, the folks whose lives are full of just a number of things, unorganized, cluttered, have cluttered characters.

While we are well equipped with tools, it is an interesting fact that at the beginning they are invariably dull. Most tools are when you get them new, too dull entirely to do good work with *until they are sharpened*. Did you ever try to plane a board smooth with a nick in the plane-bit? To do a good job, whether making a bow or a character, takes sharp tools and to get tools sharp you must *grind* them. So certainly one of the essential pieces of our equipment for the building of our characters will be our grindstones.

As every builder knows, you must have grindstones fitted to the needs of your tools. No one thinks of grinding a pocket knife on an emery stone. It is too harsh and rapid. It ruins a pocket knife instead of improving it. Neither would one expect to grind a dull axe on a stone meant for sharpening razors. The grindstone must be adapted to the tool. So let us review the tools again and see just how they may be ground to best advantage.

First, there are two eyes. With them, we gather a perfectly marvelous collection of impressions. Two-thirds of all we know comes to us through our eyes. To appreciate fully the supreme importance of one's eyes, think for a moment of some blind man of your acquaintance. He is terribly handicapped for one of his best tools is missing.

But what of the individual with dull eyes—with eyes that have not been trained to see clearly and effectively? Such a person is half blind. The grindstone for good eyes that do not see well is training in observation. Grind your eyes until they do efficient work. Teach them to see things. Insist that they report what they see and help them to discriminate between what is worth seeing and what is not. See the birds as well as the elephants, the sunsets as well as the football games, the need of one in distress as well as the box of chocolates or the new dress.

Then, there are two ears in that tool kit—two ears with which to hear. We all sympathize with deaf people. Just think of being robbed of music, and of the sound of familiar voices and of merry laughter! Without our sense of hearing we would feel very poorly equipped for life. Untold numbers of persons, however, are quite content to have *dull ears*. All they hear is the bass drum of gossip and the thunder of pessimism. The song of the birds, the wonderful tinkle of the water-falls far away in the deep woody hills, the cry of a little child, the whine of an injured pup, the quiet, helpful word of advice, they miss all these because of dull ears. The grindstone for dull ears is the grindstone of "taking more interest." Affection is one of the most useful of all grindstones for keeping character tools sharp. Isn't it strange that big, splendid characters are always *hearing* of things that need to be done for someone else; always *hearing* the good things that people say; always *hearing* of an opportunity to be helpful. Grind your ears until you are a good listener, else you

may never in all your life hear that "still small voice" that brings cheer and comfort and help to those who struggle most valiantly for the best.

Then, of course, there is that most useful tool—your nose. In the past it was the one tool that the wild things depended upon which kept it very sharp. A good sharp nose is one of the most useful character tools, for it tells its owner whether things are fresh and good and clean, or stale and bad. It says, "Don't drink what is in that glass, it would be bad for your character." And a well "ground" nose has another very important character job to do. It knows when to keep out of other people's business.

Then, there are those hands and feet. Big, rough tools they are, to be sure—that is, before they are sharpened, but trained hands and feet, just think what they mean! Through them, after all, we express ourselves. A great student tells us that character is merely muscle habits, for the muscles are the only organs under control of the will. Lazy hands and feet are dull hands and feet! There is no grindstone so effective for these big tools as work. Hands and feet become skillful by using them. Most of the things we do, we do with our hands and our feet, and we *become* what we do. If our hands and feet are busy constantly at worthwhile things, then we *become* worthwhile. If they are allowed to simply "hang around" then we become lazy and a lazy individual may be good, but he is usually good-for-nothing from the character standpoint.

Useful work—and play is work and work is play if we think of them right—useful work is a splendid grindstone. Without it there could be no such thing as character.

But with all the above, we would still have great difficulty in building character if it were not for the supreme tool of them all—a mind. Its possibilities are inexhaustible. Keen-minded individuals lead the world. Mr. Roger

Babson tells us that two per cent of the people do the thinking for the other ninety-eight per cent. The two per cent. have sharpened their minds. No matter how potential a tool a mind is, it is absolutely useless until it is ground. Most people have plenty of brains, but they have never sharpened them. Listen to these startling facts: Mr. Bonner of the United States Bureau of Education says that in 1919 the average American at 21 had received but 1,076 days of schooling. That makes the average individual a sixth grader. Only eighty-six out of a thousand finish their high school education, and education is one of the great fundamental grindstones for the tool-mind. Mr. Bonner further tells us that there are enough illiterates in the United States to equal the entire populations of the States of Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, and Arizona. Such facts affect the character not only of the individual, but of the nation. School is a grindstone. It makes a sharp mind. Education and leadership are inseparable. Henry Louis Smith, President of Washington and Lee University, has summed it all up in the following splendid fashion:

"This is the age of steam and steel and machinery, and therefore, preëminently the age of mind. To put a cutting edge on its wonderful and varied assortment of powers is necessarily a long and tedious job, yet of all your investments of time and toil and money, none pay such certain and enormous dividends. Life gives you but one grindstone period. Be wise, therefore, in time. To do your life-work in the world with a dull, slow, ignorant, untrained mind, because you were too hasty, short-sighted and weak-willed to train its powers during the sharpening period, is the worst mistake a mind user can make."

"Character is that which lives and continues to live." It is built day by day. The sharper the tools for the building of character, the finer the workmanship. Therefore, do

not despise the grindstones of life, for just as a chisel must be disciplined before it can make splendid carvings, so every tool in ourselves must be disciplined for better service in building character.





PART III  
OPEN YOUR HAND



## DOES IT BURN HOLES IN YOUR POCKETS?

THEY called him "Thrifty Bill." He didn't look so different from other boys, but somehow he *was* different. He had an air of independence about him that you might expect to find in the manager of a great railway, the president of a bank or the owner of a large factory. He wore neat, good clothes and somewhere he had learned the knack of taking care of them—perhaps it was because he knew how much they had cost, for he earned and paid for them himself. And yet Bill was a boy, every inch of him. He played a good game at baseball, football, and hockey. He could swim or debate as the occasion demanded.

One of the strange things about Bill was the fact that he invariably got onto the finance committee of every undertaking with which he was connected. In anything that had to do with money he was certain to be consulted. He managed the high-school paper, raised the fund for the Soldiers' Memorial, financed the Tennis Club on the corner lot and he always had money in his pocket. Who was this Bill anyway, the son of a millionaire to whom money was nothing at all? Quite to the contrary, Bill came from a humble home, but a home where he had learned a few of the *fundamentals of success* which most boys somehow seem to miss.

Here is the simple explanation of Thrifty Bill. He had learned to work, and he had learned the value of time and money. While other fellows were standing around "chewing the rag," Bill was weeding his garden, feeding his rab-

bits, or whitewashing his poultry coops. While other fellows were "killing time," Bill was putting a few "spare moments" at work in one more original way that would later pay him dividends. Hardly a week went by but that Bill picked up "a new idea." He never seemed to be in a hurry, but he was always going some place. No one ever could remember seeing Bill lose a minute. If the game lagged, you were sure to hear Bill's big good natured voice boom out, "Hey, there, come on. Let's play ball—we're wasting time."

Besides being a busy worker with ideas, Bill had a contagious enthusiasm that swept everything before it. Even his hens seemed to catch the spirit and lay eggs for him when the rest of the neighborhood poultry was "on strike." His was always the first garden to be ready to market, and the one to last longest. Bill could do most anything in the world from washing windows to fixing electric bells, or from spading gardens to waxing floors, and he always seemed to know just when a neighbor wanted an odd job done. Everybody wanted "Thrifty Bill," for he was big, strong, honest, resourceful, polite, and absolutely reliable.

As you may well surmise, Bill had a bank account—a very sizable one for a boy who earned his own spending money and bought his own clothes. He always insisted that his bank account was his Silent Partner and declared that any boy that had any "go" in him at all could have one also. "A boy without a bank account is like a kite without a tail. He has nothing to steady him or keep him going straight," he once told a friend.

Bill kept books too—yes, sir, a personal cash account of his own in which he entered every dollar earned and every dollar spent, and he took great care to see that he always earned more than he spent. No one ever thought of Bill as a "tightwad" either. He was very far from that. Only

misers are "tightwads." No, Bill operated his finances on a thoroughly businesslike basis. He had a budget which he had carefully studied over from month to month until it was workable and practical. He estimated his earning power each year, and then divided the sum up into different columns. There was one for clothes, one for social life, one for athletics, one for church and benevolence, one for incidentals, and one that he was always especially jealous about. It was just marked "C" in his cash account but it already showed a sizable total, and twice a year Bill had the very real pleasure of adding to it an interest item.

One night while he was a Senior in High School, after he had been working over his account book he suddenly looked up with a smile and said, "Mother," and there was real victory in his voice, "if the Rhode Island Reds keep laying 'till Fall, and if I get a full crop of tomatoes, I'm going to have enough, with what I can earn vacations, to go to college next year. It beats the Dutch how these few dollars of mine have kept working while I've been sleeping, studying, and having a good time. Why, Mother, those dollars have worked and kept multiplying night and day without a day's vacation. I can hardly believe my own eyes, but there's the balance. I got it from the bank today—seven hundred eighteen dollars and eleven cents. Gee, I'm glad you insisted that I put that first dollar in. It's been regular seed corn, hasn't it?"

Thrifty Bill was a happy boy. He dearly loved to watch things grow—his garden, his chicks, litter after litter of young rabbits, everything. He had learned from experience that *anything* will grow if you just *take care of it*—even a bank account.

But Bill had on "long time deposit" far more than just a little money with which to go to college. He had learned how to buy and how to sell—not only clothes, or sodas and



candy for his best girl, but his own time, thought, and services. *Bill had learned the comparative values of things.* He had learned to judge what was worth while and what was not. Yes, and Bill had learned that all really worthwhile things cost something and that well-intentioned folks, such as Dads, Grandmas, and Aunts can't *give* you things that really count; *you have to earn them.* Who can put a money value on Bill's independence, his initiative, or his confidence in his ability to meet successfully any situation that might develop? Bill had been turned from an ordinary boy into an extraordinary boy simply by becoming thrifty in the fine, broad sense of that word.

Everybody said Bill was a wonder, a positive wonder and admitted at the same time that he had as much fun as any fellow living. The banker had his eye on him. The President of the automobile plant had his eye on him. The Manager of the big wholesale grocery had his eye on him. In fact, a dozen men of consequence had their eyes on Thrifty Bill—and he was in line for big things. He had learned not to let a little money burn holes in his pockets.

"You have no idea how much money fellows waste simply because they have it. Sounds funny, doesn't it? But it's so. You get hold of a dollar, two dollars, or five, and right off you start to think what you can buy with it. And generally you buy something just to be spending. It's natural. But if every fellow would stop and think before he spends; if he would ask himself one question and answer it honestly, he would be a lot ahead at the end of every year. Just grip your money in your hand and say, 'Do I really want this thing, or am I just buying it because I happen to have the price?' Nine times out of ten, the money will stay in your pocket."

During the Great War the boys of the United States and

Canada learned thrift. They earned more largely than they ever had before; they saved more systematically than they ever had before; and gave more generously than they ever had before; and now they have more money in banks than the boys of any other nation on the globe. Many of them have a college nest egg well started on a few Liberty Bonds or a goodly number of Thrift Stamps, and most of them have already determined that, no matter what comes, they will not break into those little savings, for "the slipperiest dollar in the world is the one that has been saved and then broken into. Yes, sir, if you've been economical and saved up a little money in the bank, and then get hard-up, and say to yourself that you'll just use a quarter or a dollar of that fund—you can say good-bye to all of it. Breaking into a saved-up fund gives you a sort of reckless, wicked, don't-care feeling and the rest of it goes faster than any dollars you ever had. The only way to save money is to keep on saving it," says *The American Boy*.

There should be no misconception of the term "thrift" in the mind of any boy. It does *not* mean miserliness, but it does mean the opposite of waste. It means the maximum use of time and talents for the maximum benefit of yourself and others. Thrift brings a sense of great power and freedom. A boy who is thrifty has power to help in times of need. He can help his country. He can help support the many forces at work making the world a better place in which to live. He can satisfy his own legitimate needs. He is free from the scourge of debt. He is free from regret for mis-spent money. Best of all, he is a bigger, wiser, more capable man because he has learned to take time and money into partnership with him in making a life.

Here are four aspects of thrift that every boy should believe in with all his heart. (1) Productive Earning; (2)

Wise Spending; (3) Careful Saving, and (4) Helpful Giving.

### A FELLOW'S CHUMS

THREE men were working busily over a small camp fire, laughing and joking and enjoying each other's company the while. One was frying the steak.

"Smells just like it used to ten years ago," laughed number one.

"But you always *were* the real artist at steak," added number two.

"Any dub can fry a steak," insisted the third one. "It takes a real artist to cook biscuits in a frying pan, and *you* were always the shark at biscuits. Mind the ones that you made that night we climbed the old Peak—never had their equal since."

"Nevertheless, the real test of a camp cook," number three reminded them, "is in the coffee pot."

"You're just right," confessed the "meat chef" and the "baker."

"It takes the coffee to make it all worth while, I say," added the "coffee maker," and all three straightened up to wipe the perspiration from their happy faces. These three "boys grown tall" were having an hour of pure fellowship together. Pals they were—the real kind. Though they had not been together for ten years, to-night those ten years seemed but a brief separation, for they were back in those wonderful days when boys have *real* pals—pals that stick to each other through thick and thin; stand up for each other; fight for each other; take blame for each other gladly and count it all part of the day's work!

As boy pals, they had had the same ideals and the same

ambitions to accomplish worthwhile things in the world. Each had succeeded in his chosen field. To-night they were back again by the slowly dying embers of a real camp fire, talking it all over after the fashion of pals.

Three seasoned old friends! what an experience! What a luxury! What a possession! As Robert Hall has said, "a faithful and true friend is a living treasure, inestimable in possession, for he who has made the acquisition of a judicious and sympathizing friend may be said to have doubled his mental resources," and more, for life brings to man or boy *no* blessing equal to true friendship.

Number two interjected the remark that someone had voiced his sentiments exactly when he said, "I would rather meet one of the fellows I used to pal with when I was a kid than be invited to dinner by the President." Such are boy friendships, real, enduring, tremendously worthwhile. Pity the boy with no real friends!

As Jimmie says, "A friend is a fellow who knows all about you and likes you just the same." Do folks like *you*? That is a mighty important question, to be faced and answered honestly. Or do they say, "Here comes that Jones boy. He's an infernal nuisance." Did you ever start out to make folks like you? If you are going to be a successful man, nothing will contribute so much to your success as sincere liking on the part of the folks you meet. Every boy should put on a campaign to earn the liking of the people he encounters. It is easy. And it is a lot more pleasant than earning their dislike. Make the resolution to-day. Say to yourself, "*I'm going to make everybody like me.*" "Try it a month, and see how much pleasanter life is," suggests Mr. Walter P. McGuire.

Emerson says: "To have friends you must be one. We take care of our health; we lay up money; we make our roof tight and our clothing sufficient, but who provides

wisely that he shall not be wanting in the best property of all—friends.”

“Make friends,” says a writer in *The American Boy*, “and see that they speak well of you. You have no idea how many fellows have found themselves in good jobs because they have friends who have boosted them with a good word. We don’t mean that you should *ask* a friend to boost you. Not much! That’s bad business. Just go along about your affairs in such a way that your friends *can’t help boosting for you*. Make them do it. Be the sort of fellow that nothing can be said about, unless it is a boost,” and you’ll discover that wherever you turn you have friends.

If it be true that “acquaintances are the raw material from which friends are manufactured,” how careful we should all be of our acquaintances, first that they be of the right sort and second that we properly conserve them.

On a simple little grave-stone in a far western cemetery are inscribed these words—a whole biography of a long life in one inspiring sentence—

### “HE WAS RICH IN FRIENDS”

It is told of a certain great man that when asked to account for his achievements he simply replied with a smile, “I had a friend who believed in me.” It is one of life’s choice gifts to have such a friend—there is only one thing finer or more worth while and that is to be just such a friend yourself. “Be economical of your friends, don’t waste them,” and you’ll be rich forever.

Most boys *are* friendly. Only certain kinds of friends may be a great misfortune to a boy. We need, therefore, to consider what kind of friends are really worth the hav-



ing. A boy's whole career can very many times be explained perfectly, whether it is a great success or a miserable failure, by his friends. The great, irresistible, ever-working law of association, operating in a boy's life, says to him, "My boy, you are bound to become like the thing with which you spend the most of your time." If your friends are of the first-class, large-calibered type, with good manners, sterling character, and high ideals, it is just that much easier for you to be that sort of a fellow. You catch it from them. If, on the other hand, your friends are petty, unclean, careless, and second-class, it will be only with the utmost effort that you will be able to retain high personal standards, if indeed you are able to do it at all. Therefore, choose for your friends and intimates those who are bigger, better, and finer *in at least certain qualities* than you are.

Confucius says, "There are three friendships which are always advantageous to anyone: friendship with the upright, with the sincere, and with the man of much observation." Therefore, let your friends be hand-picked and be certain there is a great variety, too. Have young friends, friends your own age, and old friends. Have boy friends, girl friends, man friends and woman friends. Have dog friends, bird friends, wild friends, flower friends, book friends, and music friends. In other words, be genuinely friendly.

In the process take time to get acquainted with *yourself* and to chum in your own company regularly, too, for if you can really chum with yourself there will be little doubt about your being able to chum with others. If you loathe yourself, however, and can't enjoy a quiet hour with your inseparable pal—the fellow in the looking glass—then don't be surprised if dogs run away and little children disappear at your approach, and old folks "freeze up" when you come 'round. It is likely that you aren't fit to chum



with. There is something wrong with you. You need repairs.

Seek always to be welcomed by good company, bearing in mind that "Good company," as some unknown writer has well said, "is the society of those people who encourage us to take an intelligent interest in life. There are some boys who work hard because they want to increase their knowledge, who are keen on games and exercise, who read books, who study nature, and who are able to talk about interesting things. In every school there is this little aristocracy of intelligence. Let it be your chief aim to become a member of it. Cultivate a contempt for anything base and ignoble. Cultivate a keenness for everything manful, wholesome, and intelligent. And when you have won a place for yourself in this inner circle of intelligence, you will find yourself proof against evil influence. The bad boy, with all his masterfulness, will have no power over you.

"Be wise, and keep yourself clear of company which rouses your worst instincts, and makes you curious about subjects which intelligent people do not discuss. Make your friends among the best people—people who read and think, who are too strong to be impure and too conscious of the greatness of the beautiful universe to live petty, insignificant, and evil lives."

## WHO OWNS YOU?

QUEER question, isn't it, to be asking an intelligent boy? "Slave days are over," you say. "We had a terrific Civil War to determine whether any individual could be owned by another, and we settled that question once for all. It is unlawful to be a slave-holder."

True enough, true enough, but wait a second. Boys

own dogs and ponies; and they are their masters and absolutely control them. "That is different," I hear you say. But is it?

Anyone or anything that *controls* you, in a very real sense *owns* you. There are millions of folks about us everywhere that live little, narrow, useless lives because they do not own themselves. They are controlled by all manner of evil giants.

You know that quarterback who always loses his head in a hot skirmish? Does he "belong" to the team? I'd say no, he belongs to old Man Temper.

Know that fellow who always wears a long face and looks as if he'd been eating green persimmons—says his name's Don and that he belongs to Mr. Stewart, his father? The lad is misinformed. He belongs body and soul to the Ancient Order of Grouches. They control his every thought and action. They own him, even if his father does feed, clothe, and claim him as his son.

Take, for instance, Jimmie Long—good boy in the rough, has many pleasant ways and some people like him. Incidentally Jim thinks he is somebody and that he can do just what he pleases, but he is mistaken. "Nicotine and Company" own Jim, and they have already put many unfair and unfortunate limitations upon him. In the first place they have taken away his wind and said, "Jim, you gotta' stay out of the winning class in athletics. We never have any real athletes in our concern." And they have said, "Jim, you can't go hiking 'cause we insist on soft individuals." They have said, "Jim, stay away from the best girls; they have no use for our concern. Run around with the thoughtless, shallow kind; they won't object. But the real girls of character that are worth the knowing and worth associating with—stay away from them, see?" Who owns Jim?

Then, there is Billy Thompson, cocky little rooster, and

about the best bluffer I have ever met. Says he owns the world and all there is in it, and that *he's* going to enjoy life and let somebody else "pay the freight." But listen; Billy is bound hand and foot. He can scarcely wiggle. If the greatest opportunity in all the world should call on Billy suddenly, he couldn't possibly take advantage of it. Think of that! For Billy is owned outright for present and future by Old Man Laziness. He is the one who controls Billy's throttle. Billy, of his own accord, couldn't get up enough steam to catch up with an opportunity, for they are geared high, and they operate on "skip-stops" and nobody knows when they are going to stop or skip. The only fellow that ever gets aboard "Opportunity" is the fellow who owns himself and operates himself, and has the power to do what he wants to do when he wants to do it.

Phil Thomas wears handcuffs. Can't see them with the naked eye, to be sure, but they are there—the "can't-slip" kind. He's always "broke." A dime simply cannot stay put in his trousers pocket. Phil has a list of things a yard long waiting to be purchased with the next ten-cent piece that he can tease away from his father or his mother. He is soon to join that vast throng who work to-day for the money they must pay to someone else on Saturday night, without the slightest margin left for themselves. Think they are free boys in a free country, but they are slaves to their own thoughtlessness. They are like the horses I once saw—a splendid, big, black team—running a tread-mill—working all day long in the heat of the sun, but without moving forward an inch. They were captives.

About the only boy in the world that *is* free—that truly owns himself—is the boy who has made friends with "self-control" and taken "will-power" into partnership with him for life. Keep your eye on that boy. He owns himself, the world, and all there is in it, and one of these days you will read about him in "Who's Who in America."

PART IV  
OPEN YOUR HEART



## WHAT ARE YOUR DESIRES?

WE WERE sitting about the crude old stone fireplace that fitted so snugly into one end of the cabin. The fire was a beautiful heap of rose-embers trimmed in gold and old lace—just the sort of a fire that invites confidences. We had sung our songs and told our stories as the fire had roared up the chimney, but now that it was almost gone we had somehow become meditative.

It was then that one of our circle of comrades startled the rest of us by asking an interesting question, "*What is your great desire?*"

For several moments we sat thinking, each in his own heart. Finally the discussion began, each one of us sort of thinking out loud, for the benefit of the whole party.

"It has been said," suggested our Leader, "that desires are seeds intrusted to us by the Creator for our cultivation, and I believe it is true. If we let them grow wild they are certain to become rank weeds in our lives. It is only when we cultivate them that they produce wondrous beauty. I'll tell you, let's each of us tell in just a few words what his great heart's desire is and why. I'm sure that will be interesting."

We liked the idea fine, so we began.

"My one desire is to be great," said the first speaker earnestly, "and I desire to be great because great men go down in history and are remembered forever for their great deeds."

"My one desire is to be clever," added a second. "Clever



folks are very scarce nowadays. Everybody and everything is so commonplace—so sort of ‘all-alike.’ If I were only clever I would be attractive; folks would like me, and as a result I would never be lonesome. But then we are always desiring what we haven’t got, and how unfortunate it would be if we should all suddenly find ourselves clever!”

“My greatest desire,” said the third, “is to be popular. It is a wonderful thing to be loved by everybody. Popularity makes life so much more worthwhile. I am conscious that I am not in the least popular now, yet I long to be sought after and cared for.”

“My greatest desire,” said the next speaker, “is none of these mentioned thus far. Mine is a strange and extraordinary desire, and yet I believe that I can entirely justify it. My great desire is to be handsome.” Of course, everybody laughed except the speaker, but he continued, “A beautiful face and figure is the finest of all art. There are so many ugly, commonplace faces with nothing in them. The world needs more attractive faces for its inspiration, and I desire to possess one of them.”

“My greatest desire,” said the next dreamer, “is an age-old one. No doubt, it has ruined many a life and yet, I believe, needlessly. I desire to be rich. I often think of all the wonderful things I’d do if I were only rich—the wrongs I’d right; the sorrow I’d turn to gladness; the poverty I’d turn to comfort. Yes, frankly, I desire money—quantities of it, for my very own, to do with as I please.”

“My greatest desire is to be good,” said the next speaker, and the rest of us smiled in spite of ourselves. “Just plain good,” he continued. “There is so much sham, hypocrisy and pretense everywhere. My great passion is simply to be good in the midst of all that is bad, and it strikes me as a worthy desire. Good—and good for something.”

“And mine,” said a cheery voice, “perhaps you have already guessed it. My one desire in life is to be happy. I

don't care to be rich or popular, or even famous, but only to live out my own little life, wherever it may be, singing, laughing and snapping my fingers at doubt and trouble. I desire happiness more than anything else in the world."

And then all eyes turned to our Leader, for he had not yet told his heart's desire. He sat through a few moments of silence, gazing into the dying embers thoughtfully, then he spoke to us.

"Life is a long, continuous procession of desires, is it not?" he said. "We desire one thing and then another, and those very desires become the driving forces of our lives, for we get nothing that we do not first earnestly desire, unless it be trouble and sorrow.

"We may do one of three things with each desire as it comes to us. We may gratify them as they come one after another without thought or conscience, and find at last that we have spent our lives uselessly. Or we may freeze each warm desire out of our lives as weaknesses unworthy of us, and as a result become cold, hard, and unsympathetic with the life about us. Or we may take each desire as it comes, some of them even a bit unlovely at first, and train them to a common end—the desire to be useful. There I have told you my great desire. Yes, at times I too desire to be great and famous and clever, even to be popular and handsome—think of me desiring to be beautiful—but I do. And then again I desire to be rich—yes, as rich as Cræsus—or good, or happy. In my calmer moments nevertheless, I realize that after all, these desires are but phases of my one great consuming passion, to be of use in the world. And so I strive to take each desire as it comes and train it to serve that end.

"A great and worthy desire becomes a goal, something at which to shoot constantly. And I can think of no more certain cure for all the ills of a topsy-turvey world than for every sane person to desire deep in his soul to become

truly useful. In such a desire is the whole gospel of service, and service to others after all is the only just excuse for our existence."

"That is really my desire, too," said one a bit shyly, "but I didn't know it till now."

"And mine," laughed a second.

"And mine, too," added others.

And so by that slowly dying fire, we came to understand that desires after all are seeds entrusted to us by God for cultivation with the hope that ultimately they will lead us to desire to dedicate our lives to the betterment of mankind, each in his own way, and by means of his own talents.

So to desire is to live!

## WHY BE A BUZZARD?

WE HAD hiked far back into what we supposed was pure wilderness. We had toiled over steep trails; we had worked our way about jutting rocks; we had leaped over happy, wild, little rivulets, crystal pure; we had tramped through fields of daisies nodding in the mountain breeze. We thought we were lost in a pure and lovely wilderness where there could be nothing mean or ugly—miles and miles from man out in God's big dooryard, and we sat down to rest and watch the convoys of fluffy clouds. It was here that we discovered "*him*."

He was a "high flyer." Far up in that blue expanse we first caught sight of his black wings, outlined against the delicate silver blue of a cloud-ship. At first we admired him; he was a master of the air. Up, up he soared with grace and ease, only to swoop at will and come down, down, down.

We fell to speculating whether or not he could see us—

two little insignificant human ants down on the gray-green forest floor. He evidently saw *something*, for he was circling now—great, beautiful circular movements coming down and down. How majestic he appeared—until we recognized him! In spite of his superb soaring, in spite of his glistening black-green coat, we knew him for what he really was—a buzzard, *a greedy, keen-eyed scavenger, out looking for something dead.*

Below him lay a beautiful world of trees, crags, and flowers. Above him was the infinite blue. The air was full of the music of nature. But this demon saw and heard not. If he smelled at all, it was only the stench of decay that interested him. Wherever he looks, he has eyes only for some poor unfortunate caught in a bramble, or injured unto death by a fall on the trail or by a blow from an enemy.

Even the tiny birds and wild folks that were pygmies compared to him in size and strength frightened him as they raced through the woods. *He was afraid of life—he loved death.* Far away he was beautiful—at close range he was loathsome. He was a veritable evil spirit who loved misfortune and disaster, and prospered and grew fat on calamity. He was the friend and associate of wolves. He was an expert on “bad smells.” He was a lover of filth and rottenness—and to think that he would dare to defile so beautiful a scene as the one that lay before us!

I was so curious to see what had brought him that I waited quietly. Down and down he came. Evidently he was going to light in an oak thicket beyond, and I worked my way toward it. Soon I came to where a deer had been shot and butchered recently, but other buzzards had been there before him, for the bones were already clean. And then my eye found the answer. Not twenty yards away, snuggled against a great rotting log, lay the yet warm body of a tiny fawn—starved, no doubt, waiting for a mother

that did not return. How long had that buzzard hovered in the sky waiting for the last breath?

I called my friend and we buried the body of the fawn safe from the talons and wicked beak of the scavenger. Then we hiked on, each lost in his own thoughts, thinking of the human buzzards who infest every sacred human gathering. The buzzard who says with a leer, "I see there are no ladies present; have you heard that yarn about so and so?" The buzzard who says, "Jones would be a fine fellow if it wasn't for—" the buzzard who informs the company that, "if the truth were really known about Smith." And that other buzzard who delights in dragging someone's character in the mud and then holding it up for all passersby to see; the buzzard who writes filthy stuff all over walls and partitions to offend the eye of decent people; the buzzard who drags some innocent girl's reputation through the dust on "hear-say." You find them perched on almost every street corner or hanging about loafing places watching for a chance to nose out carrion.

Probably there is some buzzard in all of us. If so, all the more reason why we should starve it out by making it our practice to hunt for the beautiful in every situation, train our eyes and our hearts to dwell on the good, to ignore the evil, conscious always that when any situation seems bad, at least half of the badness is very likely in ourselves.

### AMBITIOUS FOR WHAT?

THERE is scarcely a soul in America that is not ambitious; some for wealth, some for power, some for influence, some for popularity, some for ease, and some for adventure. Of course, some folks have no ambition, but they are very few and we can afford to forget them just now.



Marc Antony explained to his own satisfaction the contemptible deed of Brutus by the fact that "Caesar was ambitious." If all the truth were known an ambition of some kind would be found at the bottom of most every crime in the world. Equally certain it is that at the bottom of every great invention, every scientific achievement, every worthwhile accomplishment would be found a consuming ambition.

Ambition is a great deal like fire. It is an extremely valuable and necessary servant, but a most cruel and relentless master. If we master ambition and guide it into constructive channels it is to our lives what the motor is to an automobile; it takes us where we want to go in spite of the obstacles of bad roads and steep hills. But if we allow it to master us, it will surely drive us to quick and certain destruction.

It makes a very interesting study to endeavor to determine the master ambition of your various friends and acquaintances. I know a boy and his whole ambition is to become the noisiest, loudest, crudest chap in town and he succeeds admirably. I know another chap whose great ambition is to wear the loudest, most extreme cut and color of clothes. He looks like a scrambled rainbow. I know another very quiet boy who was ambitious to become a wireless expert, and he, also, made a go of his ambition. A few years afterward, he saved the lives of four thousand soldiers on the high seas because his old ambition to be a "top-notcher," at the wireless had made him ready for his opportunity.

David Livingstone had an ambition to see the Dark Continent civilized, and his ambition carried him through difficulties that would have "mired" any ordinary man.

Thomas Edison had an ambition to give the world the incandescent light, and although it took more than four



thousand experiments, consuming weeks, months, and years of unremitting toil, his ambition brought him success.

Ambitions stir life to the depths and repeatedly enable us to perform the impossible. Put yourself often, therefore, in the path of influences that will kindle worthy ambitions in your life, and then be subject to them until they bear fruit. A life without worthy ambitions to give it direction and drive is very likely to end up a lost, drifting derelict.

Twenty years ago, three fifteen-year-old pals were challenged by a speaker to face their responsibility for others less fortunate than themselves. The next day as they were playing on a wharf they stopped to watch a crew of fishermen land a heavy cargo. They were astounded at the foul, rough talk, and decided, boy fashion, to go to sea with the fishermen on the next trip out and convert them from the error of their ways. They went, but much to their disappointment discovered that character that has set cannot easily be changed. They determined then and there to *form* their characters along the right lines, so that they might never have to undertake to *re-form* them.

Years passed and each year found these boys better prepared. Then their chances came. To-day one of them is a successful worker with boys, another a skilled worker with the "down and outs" of a great city, and the third a medical missionary in China, presiding over the only Christian Hospital in an area larger by twice than the State of Texas.

Someone writing about Roosevelt after his death said:

"He was ambitious to be a great naturalist, to be a great hunter, to be a great writer, to be a great speaker, to be a great athlete, to be a great statesman, to be a great politician, to be a great father to his children, and last—but not least, to be of great service not only to his country, but to the whole world."

Perhaps you have never answered to your own satisfaction the question we started out to consider. It will be good tactics for you to answer it very carefully. *Ambitious for what? for self or for service?*

The answer will help you pick the roads you ought to travel.

## FATHER, SON AND COMPANY, INCORPORATED

HAVE you ever really been homesick? It is a hard experience, but one every boy needs, some boys periodically, for in no other way that I know of can a boy come to appreciate his home fully. It's a funny feeling, this homesickness, a sort of an empty goneness; nothing tastes good, nobody suits you, and a deep, all-consuming longing is felt all over you for the sound of a familiar voice, for just one whiff of a pan of mother's fresh cookies, or the sight of a new hot custard pie reposing calmly on the back step. You would gladly shovel the ashes or split the kindling or even scrub the back veranda if you could just be home. "There is a magic in that little word Home; it is a mystic circle that surrounds comforts and virtues never known beyond its hallowed haunts," says Southey, and Henry Ward Beecher tells us that "it is very dangerous for any boy to find any spot on this broad globe that is sweeter to him than home."

And yet how easy it is to grow careless about our deportment in the home and its other duties and relationships, and just let home become a boarding house where we eat and hang our hats and grumble about all the things we're too lazy to help make better.

Sit down all alone under the shade of a big tree some day—if there is no tree sit down in a fence corner, or in

your room, or on a log in the woods, and just make an honest list of all the benefits *home* gives to *you*, and then in a parallel column put down the definite contributions *you* are making to that home. The results will surprise you and perhaps stir you to action.

It is great to be a real sport and play games according to the rules and the spirit of the rules, but it's better a hundred times to "play the same good game" after the same fashion at home. It takes more real stuff to be a true sportsman, year in and year out, at home, than on any athletic field, and after all, that is the real test of a fellow's caliber.

Home, in many ways, is the greatest word in our vocabulary. Someone has well said that "Home is a small republic and everybody who claims to be a part of it is a citizen. It is the duty of every citizen to see that his home is kept at its best, and that everybody in it gets a square deal. Mother is the one who is apt not to get a square deal, and it is the boys who are apt not to give it to her. She has a heap of work to do and a lot of steps to take. A good citizen would see to it that he made no unnecessary work and saved as many steps for her as he could."

One day a tall, awkward boy, just home from his long day at the shop, stepped into the little kitchen and carefully removed the paper from a dainty potted plant.

"It's nice," said the nurse, "but there are plenty of things needed a sight more than flowers in this house."

"But it's for Mother," answered the boy with a brusqueness intended to conceal any deeper feeling. "She's had a whole lifetime of doing without things she liked so that we kids could have a home. It's her turn now for a bit, and as long as she's sick she's going to have a few little attentions, whether we can afford 'em or not."

Sometimes a fellow's mother has to get desperately sick before he realizes what she has meant to him and the home

all through the years. Why not begin paying what you owe the home *now*?

Here is the way one boy describes his home: "The place where we are treated the best and grumble the most." Here is what another says: "Home is the best place in the world. It is a place of wonderful 'eats' and wonderful kindness. At home a boy is valued more than any other place."

To make a real home, takes a mother, a father, and a few boys and girls—all of them comrades, each interested in what is best for the rest.

When you live with folks, you get to really know them for what they are. If the home folks say you're a real fellow—well, then you just naturally must be moving in the right direction. But, if mother worries about you and father is distressed over your friends, your talk or your habits, and if sister is a bit ashamed of your selfish, noisy ways, then it's time to take stock. They have your number!

If homes are worth fighting and dying for in times of war, then they are worth living for. It's easy enough for most boys to tell what's the matter with Dad, but don't you suppose Dad could tell a few of their faults too? A real home is a partnership and if a boy makes good on his part of the job, Dad and he will have no difficulty about understanding each other or being chums, for they will have interests and duties in common. Dad often takes you with him to places you want to go. Have you ever asked Dad to go along with the bunch? If you haven't, there's something the matter with the bunch, with Dad, with you, or with the whole arrangement, and you better take time to get it straightened out without delay. The best homes in the land are those in which father, son, mother and "sis" are all real "honest-to-goodness" pals.

We've all tried it—going away on summer vacations to

aunts or grandmothers, but we never feel so free as when we first get back *home*, hunt up our old overalls, our straw hat, and the dog, and go around whistling and hammering all the day.

How may a fellow help make home a better place in which to live? That is a practical question and worth considering. There are many ways that will occur to you when you get to thinking it over. Here are just a few to prod your thoughts.

You get out of anything no more than you put into it. "You cannot always draw water from a tub without refilling it." What real investment, then, are *you* putting into *your* home?

"Smiles go miles." If you can't live happily at home you will never do any better out in society. Is anybody dreary and longfaced at your house? Read up a few corking stories and tell them at table. Radiate good cheer at home and see how it will warm things up. Probably no one in the group can do that as well as you can.

And say, if you want a place to practice good manners and courtesy, it would be hard to find a better one than at home. You should be more courteous, more polite, more thoughtful, more entertaining, and more helpful at home than anywhere else. Why? Because it's home.

Then, be sure you assume some *real* responsibilities. It is as bad to be a home vagrant, who refuses to work, as it is to be a tramp and live off society. There are literally hundreds of things that a boy can do at home to help. If you are handy with tools, there are benches, shelves, and flower boxes to make. If you are mechanically wise, there are door bells, electric irons, gas stoves, and wringers to repair. There are floors to wax and painting to be done. There are flower beds and gardens to spade and weed. It's nice to present mother with a bunch of flowers now and then—from the greenhouse—but why not provide a more



generous supply from a garden in the yard by a little labor of your own? Yes, and learn to cook—every boy should know how—so you can lend a hand when mother is ill or away, or having friends. Why, a boy can have more fun puttering about home than in almost any other way—and do it without the loss of a single iota of his dignity either. There's nothing to be ashamed of about a dish towel, a mop, or a vacuum cleaner.

Adopt the furnace or the car or the yard as your special care, or all of them for that matter. Insist that you *must* share in the routine of the home, as well as in its festivities, comforts and pleasures. Not until then can you possibly appreciate home.

Share your secrets, ambitions, and plans with the home folks too. Don't be a miser in this respect. It's quite possible that Mother and Dad might enjoy knowing about what you long to do and even be able to help you. "If every boy would make a practice of telling all his troubles to his Dad, he would soon discover how few he had."

Bring your friends home to spend a pleasant evening. Let them see what a jolly, congenial group of folks you are at your house. Be proud to have your pals know "the best Mother a fellow ever had" and meet the "wisest and most generous Dad in the world." Then there is sister too! Some *other* fellow will be discovering, before you know it, that "she is one girl in a thousand." Why not beat him to it? A fellow that is half alive can learn many things from his sister, if they are on the right terms with each other. Many a girl that you will be judging "awfully nice" will be judging you and your worth by the way you treat your own sister.

Try desperately to be orderly. Did you ever compute how many times you have hung your hat on the floor, left your trousers in a heap, and dropped your soiled linen just where you changed it? I once knew a boy whose



mother dubbed him "Cyclone." She said he always "came unexpectedly, hit the most unfortunate places, and left everything a wreck behind him." Pretty accurate description of a number of boys I know. Order is Heaven's first law, and home, when it is worthy of the name, is Heaven.

Take time to live a bit at home. Read aloud; play together; picnic together; worship together; call on friends together; work together; stand up for each other always. Be loyal at home and to home ideals, and home will certainly repay you lavishly.

Father, Son and Company, Incorporated, is the combination that starts a boy right, gives him direction and helps him realize his best dreams. "Mr. Rockefeller has nothing on me," a splendid boy told me not long ago. "I've got the best home a fellow ever was born in; my father is my best pal and seems to understand just what I need and when I need it, and sometimes I get off in my own room with the door shut and I just say 'Punkie, old top—it's up to you to be *somebody* and do *something* in this old world, for look at the chance you've got, and the home you've got, and the folks you've got. Now Punkie, get busy.'"

## SPEAKING OF MANNERS

"A HEAP of fellows think manners don't amount to much. They have an idea that it is sort of sissy to be polite. They're not using their heads. Just as oil makes an engine run more quietly, easily, and efficiently, so do manners make your life and the lives of the folks you come in contact with run more quietly, pleasantly, and efficiently. Good manners are a mighty valuable asset that anybody can have cheaply," one of our great Americans has said.

"There is something which you owe to everybody but

there is no exact date when it must be paid, because it is due every minute and second of your life. It is courtesy, and you owe it to the strangest people! Actually, you owe it to your brother and sister. It doesn't seem possible, but you do. And you owe it to your father and mother. You owe it to the ash man and to the washwoman. You owe it to the President of the United States and to the blind man who tries to sell you a lead pencil on the street corner. When you were born you gave the whole world a promissory note payable in courtesy, and you have to make it good every second of your life until you die. Do you know why people loved Abraham Lincoln so much? It was because he never forgot that he was paying his courtesy note," says the Editor of *The American Boy* in his Friendly Chats.

A certain Harvard Professor, instructing a class in good writing, said to them, "To write well you must first think of your subject; second, think of the people you are writing to; and last, think of yourself." These same simple rules may very well apply to a boy's manners also. First think of the demands upon you for true sympathy and kindness; second think of the person you are addressing, and last think of what is owing to yourself.

Not long ago a certain high-school boy of great ability desired to be elected President of his Senior Class—in fact, he thought that he would rather be President of that splendid body of young folks than anything in the world. The nominating committee met, they considered his name. Yes, he would preside well; he could make a good speech; he groomed himself carefully, *but he had no manners*. A fellow of much less native ability was almost unanimously elected; he had early learned how to treat other folks kindly and with consideration so that now it came perfectly natural to him.

The story is told of a certain office boy who kept a big, busy office happy, agreeable, and kindly disposed toward

one another by his habits of courtesy and good will. One day the boss wheeled suddenly in his big chair and said, "Bennie, who on earth taught you to be so polite? You often make me ashamed of myself."

Bennie grinned from ear to ear, stood on one foot, and then with a sudden inspiration replied,

"Well, sir, Mother is polite, Dad is polite and—and, Oh, I guess I just caught it from them." Nothing in the world is so "catching" as good manners.

One of the surest of all tests of character is manners. You do not need to know a boy intimately to judge him accurately. All you need to do is to watch him a bit in action; for instance, playing a difficult game. If he is kind and sympathetic, if he is manly, honest, and considerate, he will show these qualities over and over again as he plays. Every boy at play is a walking advertisement of what he really is inside, and nothing is so difficult to camouflage as bad manners, for they will show themselves at the most unexpected times and places. Manners, after all, are but the outside expression of what you are inside, and what you are inside *will* get out, like the proverbial cat that is always coming forth just at the moment he is most wanted kept out of sight.

The value of good manners can scarcely be overestimated. Roosevelt once wrote to his son, "My boy, study to be courteous." There is a pleasant and an unpleasant way to perform all the little duties of life. There is a fortunate and an unfortunate way of meeting folks, of speaking, acting, and thinking. It pays tremendously to study to be courteous in them all.

A young lawyer once asked an old and successful Judge how he might improve his individuality and power, for he was ambitious to become a great lawyer. The old Judge replied like a shot—"Constantly examine your manners."

"Gentle manners bring to their possessor an influence

which, though quietly exerted, does a power of good in the world. In business, all transactions are helped by politeness; many men fail in life because their manner does not make a good impression; because their curtness and lack of good breeding repel others." Someone has well said, "Good manners, tact, and patience—these characteristics often assist men to win who are really inferior to some who, for want of these very qualities, *miss the place they would otherwise attain.*"

Good manners, like all other human accomplishments, may be acquired by any boy if he will study himself, choose the best models and then practice, practice, and then practice some more. Draw up a little chart of your good qualities and determine to improve them. It is often easier to crowd out bad manners by good, than to deliberately "pull the weeds." Then make a list of your unfortunate qualities and set about neutralizing them by striving for their opposites. For instance; if you are selfish, study to become unselfish. If you are loud and noisy, study to be quiet. If you are critical and unfriendly, study to be generous in your praise. If you are pessimistic and blue, whistle, smile, tell good stories, find something good and beautiful in somebody new every day. *Every new bit of good manners that you so develop is an achievement.*

Deliberately associate with folks who have the sort of manners you wish to acquire. Remember they are contagious. As Lord Chesterfield suggests: "Imitate, with discernment and judgment, the real perfections of the good company into which you may get; copy their politeness, their carriage, their address and the easy and well-bred turn of their conversation; but remember that, let them shine ever so bright, their vices, if they have any, are so many spots, which you would no more imitate than you would make an artificial wart upon your face because some very handsome man had the misfortune to have a natural

one upon his: But, on the contrary, think how much handsomer he would have been without it."

Constantly seek to increase your bank account of pleasing manners so that no matter what the occasion, you can draw on it to any extent without having your check returned marked "no funds."

Really great and forceful men are invariably men of refined manners. If you doubt it, read their lives and be convinced. While they differed widely in the ways in which they achieved fame, nevertheless, they all agreed in their proficiency in the Fine Art of Living Together.

Lord Chesterfield on another occasion wrote to his son, "However trifling a genteel manner may sound, it is of very great consequence toward pleasing in private life, especially the women, whom, one time or other, you will think worth pleasing; and I have known many a man, from his awkwardness, give people such a dislike of him at first, that all his merit could not get the better of it afterward. Whereas a genteel manner prepossesses people in your favor, bends them toward you and makes them wish to like you. Awkwardness can proceed but from two causes; either from not having kept good company, or from not having attended to it."

Following are a few points on good manners, which are worth any boy's time to master. "Be Prepared" is as good advice here as everywhere else.

Do not stand with your hands in your pockets.

Never pick your teeth, clean or cut your finger-nails in public.

Do not breathe through your mouth or talk through your nose.

Do not laugh loudly and boisterously.

Never listen with your mouth open.

Do not show ill temper when you lose at a game.

Do not interrupt in a conversation.



Do not be witty at the expense of others: there is plenty of fun that is funny for everyone.

Do not chew gum in public.

Do not talk too loudly.

Do not be snappish if you are teased.

Cultivate good table manners.

Do not touch a lady's arm when you speak to her.

Never be late at any function. Your tardiness may seriously inconvenience your hostess, and it makes it appear, at any rate, that you have treated your acceptance of her invitation lightly.

Always draw back her chair and seat a lady at table and find a chair for her when she enters a room.

Always stand when a lady stands.

Put your hand under a lady's elbow in assisting her from a car; never grab her arm.

Do not stop a lady on the street if you wish to speak to her, but turn and walk by her side. Raise your hat when you part.

Raise your hat to a lady who is a stranger if you have occasion to address her, or to perform any act of courtesy, such as picking up her handkerchief or passing her car fare.

Never address a letter to a married woman as "Mrs. Mary Brown," but as "Mrs. Charles H. Brown," unless she is a widow or living apart from her husband.

Do not put a social letter to a lady in typewriting, unless you operate a machine yourself, and then be sure to use personal stationery.

When invited to a dinner, a reception or any other party, word your answer formally or informally to correspond with the invitation, and include in your reply all who were mentioned in the invitation. Write out the date—April third, not April 3.

Acknowledge every invitation as promptly as possible, so



that the hostess may fill your place if you decline, or may ask someone especially for your pleasure if you accept.

If you take a lady to a dinner or to a reception, wait either outside your dressingroom door or at the head of the stairway, so as to accompany her when she is ready to go down.

Always be ready before the lady you are to escort can possibly be ready, and never grumble if she keeps you waiting. If she is inconsiderate, avoid future engagements whenever possible with her.

If you are invited to a party given in honor of a special guest, who is visiting for several days, make your call, if possible, before the guest leaves.

When you are invited to dine, or when you receive any other special courtesy, reciprocate by some invitation of your own as soon as you can.

Never take your watch out during a call, and above all, do not maneuver to get a surreptitious look at it. Leave whenever you wish to go, but do not look at your watch.

Always introduce men to women, young men to older or to more distinguished men, young women to older women—never the reverse.

Always be a gentleman.

## 'ARE YOU WORTH YOUR SALT?

THIS is a common expression but how few of us understand its true significance. Our modern word "salary" comes from this idea, for salary originally meant "salt money" and comes from the Latin word *salarium*. In the Roman days soldiers were paid a very small fee for their services, so small indeed that it meant only salt money, for salt was so scarce that it brought a good price. If soldiers

fought well and came home victorious they were hailed as heroes, but if the battle went against them and they came home without a victory, the popular verdict was that they were not worth their salt.

Never in the history of the world has it cost so much as it does now-a-days to feed, clothe, provide creature comforts, and get a growing generation of boys and girls ready to go forth to meet life's battles. It costs on the average five thousand dollars to raise a boy or girl up to the time when they themselves begin to contribute appreciably to their self-support. Now, five thousand dollars represents a considerable investment. Business men always demand proof that an investment will pay dividends commensurate with its size.

Not only parents but the whole of modern society has invested largely in every one of you. It costs a tremendous amount to raise thirty millions of boys and girls properly, for there are not only clothes, food, and shelter to supply, but schools, libraries, playgrounds, athletic fields and pleasure parks, as well as government protection. And that vast cost is *invested* in you, and society rightfully expects you to pay rich dividends by what you are and do as men in this world. If you do pay good dividends, you prove that you are worth your salt, but if you do not, then you are not worth your salt.

Some folks seem to think that if they earn an honest living and keep out of jail that is all the dividend society has any right to expect of them, but they make a great mistake. Society expects all that, to be sure, but that is merely breaking even. The dividend consists in "*making a life*" as well as a living.

On every side there are jails, reform schools, and other such institutions filled with boys and girls, men and women, who have failed to return to society even the capital invested in them. On the other hand, every person

who deliberately chooses a worthy vocation, and earnestly uses his talents to make the world a brighter, happier, more attractive place in which to live, is paying rich dividends on the investment made in him.

Resolve to be worth your salt and more too, for as William Jennings Bryan says,—

“If a man measures life by what others do for him, he is apt to be disappointed; but if he measures life by what he does for others, there is no time for despair.”

### NOT *WHAT* YOU SAY, BUT *HOW* YOU SAY IT

You can tell worlds about a person just by the sound of his voice. Perhaps nothing about an individual so definitely gives his character away as his voice. As some one has well said, “Sound comes from the soul, while words fly off the tongue.” It is the tone of the voice which gives hateful words their evil sting, just as the “soft answer turneth away wrath.”

Two boys who know each other thoroughly may say terrible things in a playful mood and neither gives or takes the slightest offence. Let the voice of one of them, however, rise and become tense and let those same words tumble out in a jerky, snappy, defiant tone and promptly there is a fight. It is the voice, not the words, that makes the difference. It is not so much what you say as how you say it.

We have all observed how the tone of voice affects a dog. It isn't very likely that a dog, even a very intelligent one, really understands words, but he is a past master at interpreting tones. Every tiny inflection means definite things to him and he acts exactly the way you sound. You may romp and play and yell at a dog and he will romp

and yelp back. Change your tone to a reprimand and instantly the joy is gone; down comes the tail; back go the ears—the tone meant reproof to him and the effect is instantaneous.

Now, it stands to reason, does it not, that if “tone” effects such a change in a dog, it will be likely to *affect humans as well*? Who does not respond to the cheerful, happy tones of good will and friendship, and who does not recognize immediately, regardless of the words used, the tone of insincerity or the semi-confidential gossip tone or the sarcastic, cutting tone. If you doubt it, just assume for a few moments an I’m-a-lot-better-than-you tone, or a gloomy sour tone, or an I-apologize-for-living tone and then note the reactions on everyone with whom you come in contact. “Words are but tools—the voice conveys the meaning.” If you would be liked by others, study the tones of your voice and learn to draw out the best from all to whom you speak.

Certainly, no one is fit to be entrusted with responsibility until he has learned how to control the use of his voice so as to get satisfactory reactions. Imagine saying “Thank you” in a sour, or gruff, or snappy voice! Or imagine saying “Please” in a cold, hard tone and expecting to get what you want. One phase of successful leadership and personality lies in tone-management.

A great speaker, for instance, studies the effect of his voice on his audience. When he is truly skillful he can make his hearers laugh and in another moment stir their hearts to tears. He plays on their emotions, *not primarily with words, but with tones*. There is power in a pleading voice. Have you ever heard a lonesome dog beg to get in? And yet he has not so much as one word in his tongue. The varying effect of music is known to all. The great old hymns place us in a devotional frame of mind, funeral dirges put us in a sorrowful mood, while camp-fire songs

arouse hilarity and even boisterousness. In no case is it a matter of words—but of tones.

Of all the musical instruments in the world, the human voice is the finest. It is capable of a very wide range of tones and each tone has its own effect. It is a wonderful thing to be able to play some good musical instrument, but it is a far greater accomplishment to be able to handle your voice so as to obtain the best reactions. Such a person has at least one of the keys to true happiness and usefulness. There is not one of us that would not be benefited by studying his voice, softening its harsh grating qualities, strengthening it, making it positive instead of negative, taking all the whine and affectedness out of it, and training it to give forth only melodious, pleasant tones. Its influence for good would be doubled.

PART V  
OPEN YOUR SOUL





## READING GOD'S SIGN BOARDS

IT WAS at the end of a long hike. Every leg was weary from the strenuous climb, and every back was tired under the weight of blanket-roll and pack. The little cooking fire was prepared on a great shelf of rock, and after the simple meal of broiled bacon and buns the hikers sat down to rest and chat. It was one of those wonderfully clear, quiet nights when thoughts come easily and there seems to be a genuine comradeship in all things.

As the sun, a great fiery ball of crimson, settled slowly in the western hills, the leader of the little expedition said:

"Another of God's Sign Boards—how many of you can read it?"

"I can, sir," said one alert boy with a smile. "It says plain as day—'a clear night and a fair sunrise.'"

The Leader turned to gaze at the setting sun himself, and then added—

"You're exactly right, Bob. Can you read any other of His signs as accurately as that?"

The boy stood with a half puzzled smile on his lips. "Why, sir," he began slowly, "I never thought of it as one of God's Sign Boards before, but I now see how it might easily be thought of that way. I suppose I could read others too if I knew where to look for them."

The Leader laughed good naturedly and suggested that they talk it over, as they rested.

"You see," he began, "there must have been a time, ages

ago, before men had any spoken language, that God found it necessary to talk and advise with His human children about their welfare. But how was He to do it when they could not understand His language? Then He remembered that He had endowed them with eyes, ears, and nose. So the idea came to Him of placing here and there and everywhere in the world great Sign Boards, which should each contain a helpful lesson for His people, that they would be able to decipher with the aid of their senses.

"His plan worked so well that those same Signs have come down to us to this very day. Only now that we have a highly perfected language, and books, and schools, and teachers, some think that it is not important to read the original Sign Boards any more. Yet they *are* what the books only tell about, and the best teachers are forever harking back to them as the original messages of the All-Father to His children. Often when I do not care to read from man-made books, or listen to man-made talk, I like to slip off into the great out-of-doors and hunt for God's Sign Boards, and gather messages of cheer from them. He was very generous with them fortunately, and you can find them everywhere, so that all you have to do is to open your eyes, open your mind, open your heart, open your soul, and let the messages in."

The boys were much interested and wished to hear more about these queer signs, for they gathered about the fire that had been lighted. The Leader continued.

"Take for instance the law of growth and development. It was absolutely necessary, if men were to thrive and grow strong, that they should very early learn the laws of growth, and so He chose to make trees everywhere serve as Sign Boards. Have you ever read these tree signs? They are among the simplest and easiest to read and understand. Let me tell you about some of them, and to-

morrow as we journey home through the timber, see if you can find others.

"In the first place, if a tree is to grow large and strong so that it will withstand the heavy snows and the terrific winds, it must grow out in the open. Have you ever noticed a magnificent old maple, hickory, or elm standing in the center of a field, its great branches evenly developed until its crown is a beautiful cone of green? A tree must have room to grow like that. In the woods where they stand thick together, sunlight, moisture, and food are scarce, and they grow up tall, weak, and spindly, each one depending upon the other for support. Trees in the open always root much deeper, grow much faster and resist disease and decay much better. What does that Sign Board say? Plain as day is its message—'Young man, get away from the crowd. Get out where you've room to be an individual; out where the full glare of the sun can shine upon you; out where the wind and gales can strike you, for only by fighting your way under all sort of conditions can you hope to develop power and individuality. Get out where you can swing your arms and toss your head; out where you will not be constantly overshadowed by folks not in your class; out where you will have all the chance there is; out where your fruit can ripen and your bark harden, and your leaves can give shade and shelter to the hot, tired, and weary; out where you can send your roots deep, deep into the growing soil; out where you can grow into a full grown, well developed, useful man.'

"There are many other Sign Boards in the trees," continued the Leader. "Perhaps you will be able to find numbers of them that I have never seen. I remember, however, one Sign Board that impressed me very much. We were camping on the shores of a pretty lake, and just beyond our tent stood a magnificent old oak. How sturdy and strong it seemed to be. How we enjoyed lounging

around under its great arms. It looked as if nothing save an earthquake could in the least harm it. And then, one night while we slept, there came a heavy storm with much wind. Suddenly we heard a terrific crack, and bouncing out of our bunks and rushing to the flap of our tent, we beheld Old Oak, prostrate, a great heap of ruins. I could not understand it. I would not have been more surprised if the sky had fallen in, and the more I thought of it the more I wanted to know what had happened to the old oak. So, taking my little flash light, I went out to investigate. Imagine my surprise on finding that the entire heart of that Old Sentinel had been eaten out by black ants. Literally millions of them swarmed out of the huge trunk and crawled over their victim. I turned away thoughtfully. The old tree had made such a good appearance. From the *outside* it impressed one with all that was desirable in a tree, but *inside* all those many years it had been entertaining and feeding with its very life's blood hordes of black villains, who sapped its strength. Then came the unexpected tempest, and in the blackness of the night the old tree was at last compelled to give its secret to the world—'Rotten at the *heart*.' That Sign Board has stayed with me through the years. Sometimes when some misfortune has struck me a stunning blow, as the woodsman does to a tree to determine if it is sound at the heart, after the pain of it, I have always been able to smile and say to myself—'Well, anyway, I was solid—no ants at the heart,' and go on my way rejoicing.

"Only recently I saw another Sign Board in a clump of old cottonwoods that stood by the roadside. A farmer had taken a sharp ax and cut away the bark for several inches around each tree, and then gone his way. Already the foliage and young limbs were sickly and yellow. The trees stood dejected and spiritless—something disastrous had happened to them. A closer examination showed that

the thin cambium layer of bark that lies just next to the woody part had been completely cut. *The trees had been girdled* and the supply of that wonderful life-giving sap that had for years flowed upward from the roots to make them strong and vigorous had thus been cut off. As a result, in a few months every one of them would be dead.

"How could God possibly show his human children a more impressive lesson? 'If you would be strong and beautiful,' says the girdled tree, 'allow nothing to cut off the supply of fine thoughts, noble impulses, kind acts, and gentle services that constitute the sap of your life, for a girdled boy, like a girdled tree, shall surely die'."

"Tell us more," insisted the eager faced boys, and so the Leader continued:

"Every gem taken from the earth has a Sign Board attached to it that says to him who reads, 'I'm an ugly, common looking bit of stone *now*—nothing attractive about me—but listen, cut me, grind me on others like myself, wash me in crystal waters, and by and by I will surprise you. *I'm a gem in the rough.* Uncut, I'm valueless; polished I'm fit for kings.'

"And every bit of mineral that is mined by the hand of man says: 'Smelt me, my friend; crush me if necessary; melt me as it seems wise to you; treat me with acids; remove the worthless and the baser parts of me; and lo, you will find me sterling—fit for princes.'

"'Hew me to shape in order that I may fit into some niche in a great building,' cries the stone from the quarry.

"'Refine me,' pleads the crude oil from the earth. 'As I am, I am only fit for oiling the highways; but *refine* me, and I will make your autos speed over the earth and your airships soar into the infinite blue.'

"'I'm but an ugly worm,' says the cocoon, 'but hidden in my crude shell are beauties you've never dreamed of. Useless, worthless as I am, just let the God-of-us-all touch



me with His magic wand and a thing shall come forth beautiful, robed in gold, rose, and purple, that shall make summer days glad and dark places light. It will make faces brighten and discouraged folks take new courage, to see what I am and to think what I came from.'

"Everywhere are Sign Boards, each with its own message. Once I thought I would write them all down, but there were far too many. So I have just gone on reading them day by day, and trying to help others find them too, for their own joy, and above all, trying to apply their great truths to my own life. I love to think of them as God talking to me through nature."

"More—tell us more," begged the hikers eagerly. "What is the most interesting Sign of them all?"

"That would be very difficult to say," said the Leader, "but there is one in particular that I think every boy ought to see for himself and read well. You may find it in the late Spring by the side of some pond or stream. It is a tiny Sign Board, but one that is filled with meaning for every one of you. To-morrow as we journey home we shall try to locate one and see if you can read it."

It was late the next day that they came to the Old Mill Pond and stopped to search for the Sign.

"It's there," said the Leader, "more than a dozen of them." The boys searched diligently but to no avail, and so the Leader led them to the edge of the green pool and helped them find it.

"See this tadpole," he began. "Well, in a few days, if it grows normally, it will have a pair of forelegs, and then a few days later a pair of hind legs will begin to develop. As they grow the *tail will gradually disappear* until it is gone altogether. But if perchance anything happens to that precious tail, that frog will be a cripple all his life, for his hind legs will never develop. No doubt, generation after generation of boys like yourselves have sat on the

banks of just such ponds and viewed that strange phenomenon, but I wonder how many of them have been able to read the Sign Board?"

The boys' faces wore a puzzled look. Evidently it was too deep for them, and the Leader helped them to decipher the message.

"It says plain as day, doesn't it, that if you wish to become a real, sure-enough, fully developed man, with all the powers and abilities of a man, you must first be a real, sure-enough, thorough-going boy, *for boys are what men are made of.*"

The hikers were delighted. How interesting the Sign Boards were, and what fun it would be to hunt for them and read them and learn their wonderful messages. Each boy agreed to keep his eyes open and to report at least one of his discoveries with its meaning at the next meeting of the club.

## HOW LONG IS YOUR YARD-STICK?

"I DIDN'T like the game at all," said the girl who had attended a historic baseball game. "Why, they played all afternoon, thirteen innings I believe they called them, and after all that work neither side had made a score. Give me a game where there is something a little more lively going on."

The boy, who happened to be the listener, smiled to himself. While he felt sorry for the poor girl, of course he didn't dare say so. In reporting the incident to his pals he wound up by exclaiming, "If the score had been fifty to a hundred she would have thought it was a marvelous game. Say, aren't folks funny? I suppose she would think a nothing to nothing baseball game in the Yale Bowl a dull business." A little story but it shows

with what different scales folks can measure the same thing.

In a certain central western city, a much beloved cripple died. He died so poor that a charity organization was about to bury him when the folks of the town found it out, and then such a collection and such flowers! Dozens of stores closed an hour in honor of the departed cripple. The newspapers declared in large type that "another successful man had passed on." The same week several people much better off died in the same city, but not many folks knew of it until ten days later when a quarrel broke out among the relatives over what they left. How do you measure real success? Answered that question and you will begin to find out the yard stick with which you do your measuring.

My mother had a slender yellow maple stick. Everything in and about our home was measured with that stick. It was the standard. It settled more than a few arguments—if not in one way, in another. It was used all the year round, winter and summer. We measured the depth of the snow on the walks with it; we measured the rainfall in the old tub in the yard with it; we laid off the flower beds with it; we measured the height of the corn with it. I doubt if we could have kept house without that measure. Because it was constant, we had all come to depend on it.

Over in Paris in a certain well guarded and inaccessible vault is a strange bar of metal. It is neither gold, iron, silver, nor copper, but an alloy so skillfully compounded that no matter to what changes of temperature it is subjected, it always remains absolutely constant, for when some of the elements that go to make up its bulk get hot and expand, other elements contract so as to balance the expansion exactly. At all times and under all circumstances that metal bar is exactly the same length to a ten-thousandth of an inch. It is the world's official meter stick.

The whole metric system of measurements, used now almost entirely in the scientific world, is based on that invariable measure. It is exactly a meter long to-day, and a thousand years from now it will still be exactly one meter long. Without that absolutely true and dependable measuring stick, science would soon be all at sea. Every scientist would have a measure of his own, and what confusion there would be—the same as if every store should have a yard-stick of its own and one concern should sell twenty-four inches of goods for a yard and another forty-two inches, while the pattern should call for so much goods according to still another unit of measure. No one would ever know how much of anything to ask for and chaos would be the result. For commercial use we have standard measures, yards, quarts, pounds, and they never vary; for scientific use we have standard measures, meters and cubic meters.

But in the social and religious worlds we are not so fortunate. What two of us have the same standard of measure for honesty, courtesy, or unselfishness, for instance? One man thinks he is generous and he may be according to his measure, but his neighbor declares he is miserly and he is according to *his* standard. One man says he was absolutely fair in a certain transaction, and his opponent, who uses a different measure, argues that there was nothing fair about the proposition. Who is right?

Sometimes we even use two standards of measure for the same thing. We measure our own conduct by one measure, but we insist upon measuring our neighbor's conduct by an entirely different measure. The result is often great injustice.

Some folks measure everything by how much fun it is. If it isn't fun, it isn't worth doing, they say; if it's lots of fun, then it just naturally must be worth

while. But think of living in a social and moral world in which the standard unit of measure was in terms of fun!

Others measure everything in terms of money profit. If the deal doesn't show a net profit then it represents wasted time or effort. But think of a mother using dollars and cents as her standard unit of measure. How many of us do you suppose would ever grow up, or get properly cared for? Money would be a very unfortunate standard of measure for mothers to use.

Still others measure everything by "what other folks will likely say about it." This is a very, very common unit of measure. If folks in general say it is all right, then it must be right; if folks everywhere say it is not right, then it must be wrong. Sounds all right, doesn't it? Yet that sort of unit of measure makes it possible for a lot of folks to follow certain practices that they themselves know are not of the best. Because everybody else does it, or says it, or "goes there," why shouldn't they also? The use of a unit of measure is like the use of a heavy rubber band for a foot-rule—it can be stretched to fit anyone's convenience regardless of the truth.

Still others try to persuade us that age is the safest unit of measure. "If it is old it must be good." "If they did it long ago, it must be correct." "If our great, great grandfathers believed it, it must be so." But just stop to think of the weird collection of old, useless, outgrown superstitions we would still be believing if the *age* of a thing was its measure of value. Still others think size is the thing to measure by, so they buy very large apples, turnips, and pumpkins—and find them without flavor or quality. Why, just think of a slender man buying a suit of clothes cut for a very fat man, because size is his unit of value. Or think of a man buying a very large pair of shoes for a very small pair of feet, because according



to his notion he gets a good deal more for his money in taking the larger pair.

Or supposing that weight was the commonly accepted measure of value? Perhaps you have heard of the detachment of soldiers that was stationed outside a certain village during the war. In due time their provisions ran low, so low in fact that they selected one of their number to go through the lines and into the village under cover of darkness to get a bit of food. The soldier selected set off, and after great difficulty made his way to where the supply depot was known to be. Everywhere about him were cans, sacks, and packages. In the dark he felt them all over and finally selected two medium-sized pails that were very heavy, and set out for camp convinced that he *must* have something exceptionally good. His comrades hailed him with keen anticipation, and he was ushered into the light only to discover that he had lugged home, from the midst of a well stocked supply depot, and through the lines of the enemy, *two one-gallon buckets of paint!*

With all these conflicting notions and practices what is one to do? How can any one have any sort of a reasonably satisfactory personal standard or measure of value? What is worth while and what is not, and how shall we know? That is a puzzling question to many of us. But after all the answer is not difficult to find, for Jesus Christ has given us a standard of things that is the one unchangeable, absolutely reliable measure of what is worth while, just, or desirable.

The teachings and life of Jesus are the standard measure for the social and moral world just as the meter stick is the standard measure for the scientific world, and the yard, the quart, and the pound for the commercial world. If you doubt the practical value of such a measure for the world, use it yourselves consistently for a week, in every activity and transaction, and then decide. For more than



two thousand years men who have thought themselves very wise have been trying to find a better standard of values than the one represented in Christ Himself, but they have utterly failed. Why not make Jesus *your* standard?

## HOW LONG WILL I LIVE?

THAT is an age-old question that can never be answered accurately, yet it is forever bobbing up to bother the minds of boys and men. I must confess that it leads at least to interesting speculations. How long *will* I live? How many times have *you* meditated upon that question yourself? Books and magazines for years have been full of all sorts of good advice about what to do and what not to do so that one may increase his chances of becoming a centenarian. The fact that such advice is often very contradictory makes little or no difference so long as the part they try out "works" for some folks.

Now and again we chance to meet some very old gentleman who has "aged well." How attractive he is! How much he must know and what a wealth of interesting experiences must be his—seventy, eighty, ninety years full of adventure, excitement, and fun. We hope that we too will be blessed with such a ripe old age.

But stop and think just a moment. Is a desirable life really a matter of length after all? I know a tiny little stream that has been coursing down a cañon for perhaps a hundred thousand years, but in all that tremendous period of time it has done nothing at all save wear a smooth little bed for itself in the rock where it can snuggle down comfortably. It has never been strong enough to create power or large enough to irrigate even a tiny bit of land. A real mountain rain of an hour's duration is probably worth

more to the country through which it flows than that hundred thousand year old trickle. Certainly it has lived *long* enough—but how?

I was reading the other evening about the oldest man that history records; nine hundred and sixty-nine years he lived. Just think of it! And I fell to figuring up how many good suits of clothes that old gentleman must have worn out, how many cubic yards of food it took to sustain him, how many times they must have had to paper his house, and how many pairs of shoes he must have owned and worn out during that long, long life. Then, this fact struck me forcibly—that, although Methuselah did live nearly a thousand years, *he never really lived at all*, for history does not tell us of one single thing which he accomplished that was worth while. He just lived.

He made no new inventions: he wrote no books; he perfected no better ways to do any of the work of the world. He painted no pictures, wrote no beautiful poetry and sang no wonderful songs. He discovered no new laws of nature. He explored no new country. He just simply ate and slept and slept and ate, and fooled himself into believing that he was living. Why, he was dead all the time and didn't know it. The steam engine was waiting to be discovered and electricity was everywhere about him waiting for an explorer, but he didn't realize it. There was plenty of air for airships, plenty of water for ocean liners and plenty of steel for all sorts of great industries. On every side was ignorance, sickness and poverty waiting for some *live man* to come along able to deal with such problems, for all humanity needed help and encouragement, even in Methuselah's time. What a lot of wonderful things he might have done with all that span of years if he had but been alive!

It is not of so much importance, then, how *long* you

live, as how *hard* you live. Some folks, in the twinkling of an eye, by rendering some heroic deed of self-sacrifice, do more living than did Methuselah. Many a soldier boy in France lived more in one brief hour, struggling for freedom and a new world of idealism, than did Methuselah. The great question is—*are you living now?* Are you truly alive to the tremendous things that are going on under your very nose every day, or are you almost dead, mentally, morally, and spiritually? This old world of ours is staggering on at a perfectly bewildering rate of speed. More events of importance and consequence are happening every twenty-four hours than formerly happened in years—and yet but a few folks realize it. Do you unselfishly experience the joys, the pains, the sorrows of a busy world, or are you unmindful of everything save the activity in your own little shell?

I like the spirit of a certain high-school boy who said to me the other day: "Now-a-days I hate to go to sleep nights for fear some great happening will occur *and I'll miss it.*" That boy is alive *now*. He's not only getting ready to live more largely by and by, by carefully equipping himself, but he's living now. He is perfectly conscious of the great world of problems that surround him and he is dealing with them now. Strangely enough, the more he gives, the more he has left, for that is the law of life. Dead things have no such experience.

To keep flowers blooming at their best, you must pick the blooms. If you don't, the plant goes to seed and quits growing—then dies. Look about you at the humans who are going to seed. They have stopped living; their lives are passive.

There is an old proverb that says "It is far better to wear out than to rust out." It is an actual fact that a piece of machinery will last longer in active use than it will standing still. Even the edge of a razor deteriorates

if it is not used. It has a longer life and a better cutting edge if it has a real job to do every day.

Of course, life must be controlled, guided, and hooked up to worthwhile things by means of the will and the intelligence, just the same as an engine must have a governor to make its power safe and usable. But there is a vast difference between a "governor" and "set brakes," when it comes to regulating speed.

Get a definite plan for a "governor," then turn on the steam and live! Live up the hills and down the grades. Live from the top of your head to the soles of your feet.

Christianity, with its great program of uplift and service, helps a boy tremendously to live. Christ told His followers that He came to bring life and bring it more abundantly.

Some one has said that our human fear of death is the dread of dying *before one has really lived*.

In a little village of the Swiss Alps may be seen a simple grave-stone which marks the last resting place of an unknown mountain guide, but his whole biography may be read in the simple sentence cut into that stone,

### "HE DIED CLIMBING"

He didn't live long in years, but he lived intensely. He knew what the view was like from the heights.

Not how *long* will you live, then, but how *well* will you live. The Open Road stretches away before you. It leads up and up to the worthwhile things of life. It is also skirted on both sides by "burying grounds" of ease, wasted time and idleness. Far too many folks stop in the inviting shade to rest and never go on again.

Life is action and action is life. Stop going at your best

speed and you will have no trouble in answering your own question—how long will I live?

## FIVE "KEEP" CUES TO HAPPINESS

SOME one has told us that, "Happiness is the echo of the pleasant words we speak to others." That is why the grouch and the pessimist are always unhappy dubs. Being happy is being good—for something, and being good for something is *doing* good for somebody. Happiness isn't something you can catch in a trap, or buy by the quart, or order by mail. Happiness is a by-product of rational living.

Lord Byron traveled to every land and in every clime seeking happiness, and finally came back to his own home town, convinced that to pursue happiness was to lose it entirely.

Ponce de Leon sought far and wide, through wilderness and over vast mountain ranges, for the Fountain of Youth—Happiness; but he failed. Happiness is not in a place. It is the essence, the very perfume of right living. And right living for a boy consists of five "keeps."

Keep your heart clean. You have perhaps heard of the Indian Prince who made a long, difficult journey to a Mission Station to buy a bottle of the mysterious something the missionary used to rub on his face to make it "shine like the sun?" If we only could! But a wonderful, inspiring face is invariably the reflection of a clean heart. Hatred and evil passions of the heart stain through to the face. Clean thoughts and noble purposes light up a commonplace face and make it beautiful. "Every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil. On our features,

the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work." There is nothing kills happiness so quickly as an evil heart or a guilty conscience.

Keep from worry. Fear kills happiness. "From the cradle to the grave, fear throws its black shadow over mankind, marring and stunting vast multitudes of lives, making people wretched; keeping them in poverty and inferiority." A screech-owl in the night scares some boys more than a band of robbers. Boys often talk about "hoo-doo" and "jinxes" and are deathly afraid of "bad luck." Some carry a rabbit's foot to safeguard them from their foolish fears. Many great skyscrapers do not have a thirteenth floor because people are afraid of thirteen. Pullman cars haul no thirteenth berth. Many a boy loses out in contests of one kind or another because he is afraid he can't win. Many a man is a failure in the world because he is afraid to step out and succeed. "Fear not, I am with you always," is a creator of happiness.

Keep your body in condition. Health and happiness are twin brothers. Where one is, the other is likely to be, and they are so much alike one can hardly tell them apart. The healthy, robust, vigorous boy at his play is the very picture of happiness; the sickly, puny lad with bad nerves and a worse digestion is unhappiness personified.

President *Emeritus* Eliot, of Harvard University, has been able to maintain a high standard of health, and at the age of over eighty is still capable of remarkably efficient work. His diet as a boy was simple and he exercised two hours daily in the fresh air. He loved to row, fish, ride, and hike. While in college he was a great boxer and rowed on the college crew. His splendid body has helped him mightily to make an outstanding contribution to the life of his nation. He is both healthy and happy.

Keep out of other folks' personal affairs. I once saw a picture of a weary, worn, tired man carrying the world



on his own poor shoulders, and just in front of him was another doing exactly the same thing, and in front of him yet another and another, until the line faded into the distance. The picture was labeled, "What every man thinks." Why try to tend to all the troubles of all the world? It's a pretty big contract to live your own life successfully without dabbling in all the grief of all the people about you. We must be sympathetic and helpful, of course, but if we would keep happy, let's not borrow trouble. There is a heap of common sense in that old statement, "Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you!"

Keep on the job. It is a wonderful story that James Terry White tells of Audubon, the great naturalist. "In the prosecution of his studies in natural history, Audubon had traveled for years over the country collecting specimens. From these, he made careful and elaborate drawings, which were intended to be published. After enormous labor, he had a collection of two hundred of these original drawings, which were packed in a box until the entire work should be completed. When the time came for publication, he opened the box and discovered that mice had gotten in and destroyed the entire collection. The labor of years had been thrown away and he was obliged to do the job all over again. But how happy he was when he saw his labors at last in print." We must get our happiness out of our work, or we are very likely to go without it.

Keep your heart clean; your mind free from fears; your body in tip-top condition; keep out of other people's personal affairs; and stick to your job—that will bring true happiness to any boy.

## COUNTING YOUR POSSESSIONS

SOME folks figure their possessions by the total in their bank book, others by the number of acres they could deed to another; still others by the number of cattle or sheep they could ship to market in an emergency. But all of these are little and petty and purely material. If you have no other possessions save such as these, you are poverty stricken.

Money is a good thing. With it the business of the world is carried on; without it, all commerce and trade, all construction and production would cease. Yet if it were the only possible possession, the whole world would starve in a few years for things that money can not buy.

Land, too, is an essential to living. From it comes our food; upon it we build our homes and our shops and our factories. Without it, roads could not be and without roads, travel and transportation and inter-communication would be impossible. If you owned all the land in the world, however, and possessed nothing else, you would be poverty stricken.

Cattle and sheep supply us food and clothing in a hundred different forms. They are essential to modern living. Yet if you had all the cattle and all the sheep on all the green hills in all the world and possessed nothing else, you would be poor, for the possessions that really count are of an entirely different sort.

The richest man I ever knew had no money, no land, no cattle. He was a cripple who lived in a humble cottage away at the edge of a big city. He sat all day in the sun on a street corner selling papers; yet he was rich. He had hundreds of friends who walked a block out of their way each day just to say good morning to him. Every yellow dog in the downtown section knew him and came

up for a friendly pat or two. Every newsie in town came to this rich poor man to have his troubles fixed up, for he had a way of dispelling discouragement and adjusting misunderstandings that was beyond explaining.

He invariably wore a flower in his buttonhole and a smile on his face. He took a bit of waste land at the foot of the green mountains at the outskirts of the city and transformed it into a riot of color with flowers and vines until the ugly fence that separated his little lot from the mountains faded out. In this way, he annexed the mountains to his home the same as if he owned them. He put up bird-boxes for innumerable feathered friends. He had a family of tame rabbits under his front porch and a blind cat awaited his return each evening as a fledgling waits for a mother-bird.

Inside the hut there was a little shelf of books, worn copies they were, purchased at a second-hand bookstore from his meager earnings. On the walls were just two pictures, Hoffman's "Head of Christ" and Millet's "Feeding the Birds." On a neatly painted grocery box stood a wee bit of a phonograph and in the rack were less than a dozen records, but they were of the masters.

As the wheel chair in which he went to and from his corner in the downtown section would squeak out his coming down the long street, many little children would stop their play and wait for him, and with a friendly, "Hello Daddie," they would watch him pass. There was scarcely a home on the long street at which little bouquets had not been left by him at the door when some member of the family was sick.

No one knew where Daddie had come from, no one knew his family history, but everyone knew his friendly, cheerful voice, and having seen his quiet, contented smile they could not forget it.

Dad was rich, infinitely rich, in the possessions that

count. With all his handicaps, he was contented and happy. He had a sense of values that most of the folks about him had missed. He cared nothing for things. They meant nothing to him. He had risen above them.

He used to say laughingly that he was the richest man in town, for the wonderful mountain sunsets, the trees and flowers in all the city parks, the stars in the sky at night, and the birds that sang from his garden fence were all his. He had many possessions because his heart was right.

What are *your* possessions? Perhaps you have never made an inventory of them. If you haven't, now would be a good time. Are you rich in things and poor in what really counts? Have you had a false sense of values? Then stop right now. The only real possession is character—what you are—and you build that yourself. It has nothing to do with money or land or cattle.

Some wise man has said, "There is but one El Dorado, and it is located in your heart." If you have the seeing eye, the hearing ear, and the thinking head; if you have hitched your wagon to a star; if you have determined to be happy no matter how tough Fate has been to you; if you have set up a little altar of personal ideals where you worship unwaveringly in the midst of a "things-mad" world—then you will come into priceless possessions. Try it for just one month.



PART VI  
SEEK THE BEST





## CRIPPLED FOR LIFE

I ONCE crippled a fellow-creature for life! Ignorantly, of course, but nevertheless effectively. He was a wonderfully attractive fellow too, in his bright clothes, and would have made a great stir in his own world if I had not interfered. As it was, he turned out to be a helpless cripple and died in a few hours. But perhaps some good came out of the incident after all, for it set me to thinking. I could not get it out of my head for days. I want to tell *you* about it.

It happened like this. For months I had carefully fed what was at first a tiny striped wiggler. What an appetite he did have! He grew just like things do in fairy stories, until at last he was a magnificent full grown worm. And then, after attaching his rear end to the top of his little glass cage, he deliberately chewed off his black and yellow suit and transformed himself into a lovely green and gold chrysalis.

Day by day I watched that beautiful bungalow for some signs of life. How curious I was to know what sort of a creature would come out of it! One day I noticed the little chrysalid shaking. Finally it split, just a tiny bit to be sure, but I was all excitement, for I was certain that my butterfly was going to be such a big, strong, beautiful fellow that he would easily break his winter prison wide open and emerge for my inspection. I watched expectantly. How the poor thing did struggle as it tried to get out through that tiny split! But for some reason it seemed

to make little or no headway. Finally, growing impatient and thinking to be kind, I carefully tore away that chrysalid and helped, as I thought, that struggling insect to get an easy start in life.

At last it tumbled out into my hand, a crumpled, undeveloped thing, its lovely swallow-tailed wings crushed as a soft bit of silk might be crushed into a thimble. Gently I laid the helpless, quivering thing in the bright sunshine, and waited and waited for it to stretch its wings and fly away. But it did not. In fact, it made no further effort to unfold them. By and by it did move about a bit as if looking for food or nectar from a flower, only to become motionless again.

How disappointed I was! All those days of careful feeding and care gone for naught.

In disgust I went to a scientific friend and told him what had happened. He listened gravely and then, with his hand on my shoulder, he said to be, "*You have crippled the poor thing for life. It will never fly among the flowers or soar into the bright sunshine. You have made that impossible.*" Then he explained to a very surprised and chagrined boy that only by long hours of struggle is it possible for an emerging butterfly to gain strength and work up sufficient circulation to expand its wings so that it can fly. By making it easy for that insect at the start I had ruined its whole future.

"Struggle" is a wonderful word. All of the good things that we have in the world to-day are the result of struggle. If men everywhere should cease to struggle, in a surprisingly short time civilization would slip back to barbarism. The best fruits always grow highest and to get them one must climb. If one would have a strong body, he must struggle physically for it. All of our team games are just an organized struggle, and how we do revel in them. If one would have a strong mind, he must

struggle through years and years of mental application. If one would be good, he must forever fight evil. All development is a fight upward. Edison says genius is ninety-nine parts struggle to one part genius. Luther Burbank says struggle is the mysterious key to the lock of success.

Pick up the biography of any of our great men in the arts, in science, in politics, in invention—in any field—and you cannot but be impressed with the large part struggle has played in their lives.

Read the life of David Livingstone struggling across the Dark Continent. Read that wonderful tale of Scott in his dash for the South Pole. Read the story of Theodore Roosevelt, that sickly, puny boy who was placed on a western ranch to *struggle* back to health and vigor and world usefulness. Then sit down and ask yourself: "Have I got that sort of 'scrap' in me, or am I one of these unfortunate boys who has everything in the world done for him, from having his clothes picked up after him to being helped with every difficulty that happens to cross his path?" Someone has told us that "When ye houses were made of straw ye men were made of oak, but when ye houses were made of oak, ye men were made of straw." Which kind are you?

In these days of marvelous conveniences are we to allow life to become so easy and comfortable and soft that all of that wonderful pioneer quality that made America great among the nations is to be lost? Instead of men, is it possible that we are becoming mollycoddles, more interested in how we look than in what we are or can do? Take care if life is too easy, if there are no problems, no burdens, no loads. Fatty degeneration is dangerous!

Struggle is the flywheel that makes life run smoothly.

Struggle is the governor that makes it possible to use the engine's power.

Only the things that must be struggled for are worth the having.

Who wishes to play in a game when there is no opponent?

Who would care to climb mountains if they were all *down hill*, instead of up? It's the hours of tremendous struggle that enhance the view from the top.

Train yourself to struggle, it may be with Latin, it may be with geometry or algebra. Take it on gradually. See it through one day at a time—but see it through. A man who has been wonderfully successful in developing teams of horses to move almost unbelievable loads says that he starts with them as colts by hitching them at first to an empty stoneboat and then adding one stone after another until they can pull with ease a load that most other teams could not move out of their tracks.

Struggle a little every day with something. Do not forever seek the shady path where all is roses. Strength is gained by fighting. Wishbone is a poor substitute for backbone. Beware of the friend who wishes to carry all the load for you—he is “misfortune” in disguise.

Stand on your own feet.

Fight your own way.

Ask favors of no man.

Win because you have trained to win—by always struggling to do your part.

## STAND UP, PLAY UP, SPRUCE UP

I've just been watching a half dozen dogs play. Five of them are *real* dogs. Some of the five are large and some are small, some are short-haired and some are long, but all five are every inch dog and are in the game every min-

ute. Such a fuss as they do make as they charge each other and bite and pull. I never realized before what making a "dog pile" meant.

Five dogs having a great game of rough and tumble!

But at the beginning I said that I had been watching a *half dozen* dogs. So I have, but the sixth is a "sedentary" dog. Yes, a s-e-d-e-n-t-a-r-y dog! Who ever heard of such a thing? What can it possibly mean? Let us look in the big "Word Book." Here it is—"Sedentary—characterized by much sitting down." Yes sir, the sixth dog was there all right—but he was on the side lines. Big and strong and all of that—but an onlooker. Sometimes he'd yelp and wag his tail and look interested, but every time the "dog pile" got too close he moved. Perhaps he was afraid of getting his glossy coat soiled—or even getting hurt a bit. Or perhaps it was against the high dignity of a collie to mix with the common run of "hounds."

At first I thought the pup was sick or had a lame foot, but every day it is the same thing. He comes out to watch the fun, but he is never anything but a spectator. If he were my dog, I'd teach him to get into the game or I'd get rid of him.

But you can't get rid of boys even if they insist on being sedentary. All that they do is to wear out the seat of their trousers "sittin'." They never get to be athletes, they never have any money, they never go fishing, exploring or hunting. The fact of the matter is they never get anything but headaches, stomachaches, and the "leavings." They are the fellows who are always chosen last in a game. Nobody really wants them—they just get pawned off on one side or the other.

Once there was a man who was so lazy that he nearly starved to death. The neighbors took pity on the poor "unfortunate" fellow, and got together and made up a load of corn for him. Then one man was dispatched to tell



him about it. The old fellow listened to the messenger without any show of interest whatever, and then lifted his head and inquired: "Is the corn shucked?" In great surprise, the messenger replied that, of course, it was not. "Hum," grunted the "sedentary" man, "then it ain't of any use to me."

There's only one cure for that disease, and sedentary folks don't like it any too well—regular, vigorous exercise. Some boys are so "sedentary" that they refuse to cut the wood, carry the ashes, or weed the garden. The sad part is they don't know the fun they are missing. God knew what He was doing when he put Adam in the garden of Eden and told him to prune it and cultivate it. Every last man of us needs to be on the watch lest he lose his "pep" and become satisfied merely to sit on the side lines and talk about the fellows who really do things.

In a certain great laboratory a huge magnet hung against the wall. Clinging to it were two heavy steel bars. "Why are those bars there?" asked the interested visitor. "That old magnet has to have a bit of work to do every day," replied the professor, "or else it would get so lazy it could scarcely pick up a pin."

Have you ever seen a "sedentary" battery? I had one in my car last spring. It had "sat" so long that it didn't have power enough to turn over the little engine.

Work is a blessing, play is a blessing, and regular exercise is a blessing, because all three keep us everlastingly fit and in the game. At school we mostly sit, at our meals we mostly sit, and often at our play we sit—all the more reason why we should stand up and move around vigorously at least one hour a day. Every day in the year there are two million people seriously sick in the United States alone, mostly from living sedentary lives. Preventable sickness alone costs the nation two billion dollars a year, largely because folks allow themselves to sit too much. An

hour's exercise every day will not only keep the doctor away but will build a body fit to stand the strain of the years of hard work ahead.

Make up your mind to be healthy. Go constantly to the three best doctors in the world, that nature has provided free for everybody—Fresh Air, Fresh Water, and Sunshine. They will all warn you against too much “sitting” and will tell you to stand up, breathe deep, and exercise. A mushroom can thrive in a dark, damp cellar—but don't you try to be a mushroom.

Speaking of those dogs again. One is a tiny rat terrier, smaller by half than any other dog in the pack, but say, that pup has grit. Once in a while two or three of the larger dogs happen to light on him at once. Looks as if he would certainly be crushed, but somehow he always comes out with a bit of a yelp and a smile. I mean with his tail wagging, what there is of it. He's a thoroughbred, that dog, for not only is he always in the game, but he always gives the best he has, and when he gets a jolt he acts just as if someone has presented him with a good bone instead of a hard blow.

Not long ago two teams, both well trained and in splendid trim, played a really great game of foot-ball. One team was enormously heavy and played wonderful ball. They had won hands down over every opponent that season. The other team, small, wiry, plucky, “didn't have a ghost of a chance.” Everybody said it would be a “landslide—nothing to it.” But that little team had grit. They played up to the limit, and what a match it was! No score at all the first half; often looked as if the little team would be absolutely crushed in the scrimmage, but not so—they challenged the big fellows as they had never been challenged before. Lame, aching, sore, they played the game through to a creditable finish with but two touch-downs against them. Who did the bleachers shout for that day?

Who were the real heroes of that game? You know. Every red blooded man respects and honors the fellow who plays up with the best he has, even in the face of an overwhelming defeat. What if David had taken one look at Goliath and then left for home with the excuse that he had no chance whatever against such a giant? Instead he played up like the real sport that he was and changed the course of history. It was more than bravery; it was grit—plain grit.

Grit is the grindstone saying to the axe: "So, you are hard, are you? Well, I'm harder by far and more stubborn; and I will wear you down with the grit that is in me." Have you some of that sort of sand about you, or are you a custard pie?

Mr. H. E. Luccock tells a splendid story in this connection. He says the finest game of football he ever saw was played by two teams of *blind* boys. You might suppose that football would be the last thing on earth that blind boys would ever tackle. There would certainly be a good excuse for them to stay out of such games. But these fellows had no use for excuses; they despised alibis. They said, "Perhaps we can't play football just like everyone else plays it, but we can play some way and we will get all the sport out of it that we can." And they played a good hard game, judging their movements entirely by their sense of hearing and touch; made some fine tackles and had as much fun as any two teams that ever lined up against each other. That is the spirit that makes any boy make the best out of any situation he finds himself in. One of Roosevelt's favorite maxims was, "Where you are, with what you have."

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It is a hot July day. On every hand the garden sprays are at work scattering refreshment to the tiny plants. The

dogs have romped and played until they are hot, soiled, and tousled. I don't know which dog suggested it, but with one accord they make for a friendly spray, let the cool water fall generously on their hairy coats and then deliberately withdraw and "shake off." My dog then comes home, seeks out a cool place to rest and begins to make his toilet—yes, sir, he licks his paws and his flanks until his glossy coat is in order. Literally he combs his hair and blacks his shoes, and if he had trousers I'm morally certain he would dust them, press them and hang them up in their place. That dog of mine not only believes in being alive, putting all he has into whatever he is doing, but he also believes that even a dog must spruce up if he is to keep his self-respect.

There is a lad living in my neighborhood who invariably wears overalls, and the funny thing about it is, he always looks dressed up. "Dressed up in overalls—how ridiculous," I hear you say, but it's a fact. The reason is that they are always clean and well patched. His hat is a hand-me-down from his big brother, but it looks tidy and well kept. He never has a broken shoe-string, and although he is the busiest boy I know—for he helps to support a widowed mother—somehow he finds time to black his shoes. He is as neat as a pin, that boy, and everybody likes him. He believes in keeping spruced up.

Every soldier in the trenches was encouraged to carry a small mirror as a part of his kit. The officers found that the boys were better fighters when they were shaved and had their hair combed. Often before a great advance the soldiers were given time to spruce up a bit. It meant more confidence in a victory and better morale. Don't be afraid now-and-then to look critically at the fellow in the mirror—and then carry out the suggestions you get.

There is a great difference, however, between a tidy person and a sport. One dresses to live and the other lives to

dress. An over-dressed boy is as noticeable—as a tramp. Clothes do not make the man by any means—but tidiness does.

“Sorry to see that someone has died at your house,” said the president of a big, going concern to his office boy one morning.

“Died,” said Jimmy at a complete loss to understand.

“Yes,” replied his employer, “I see you are wearing mourning pretty generously.”

“Mourning?” said Jim more puzzled than ever.

“Yes,” replied the boss with a smile, “I see you have a black ring around your neck, mourning under your finger nails and soot in the corners of your eyes. See here, Jim, you’re just plain dirty—go and clean up. It doesn’t cost anything to keep yourself fresh and tidy. I’ve always figured my laundry bill was the best investment I ever made. If you’re dirty outside, you’re pretty likely to be dirty inside, and if so, I don’t want you around. Take a day off, boy, and clean house. Get a hair cut, a shoe shine, a dry clean, and a bath.” Jimmy counts his advancement from that day.

“Your personal appearance, your dress, your manners, everything about the way in which you keep yourself groomed, how you carry yourself, what you say, how you act, all these things are to you what the show windows of a merchant’s store are to his business—the way he advertises and displays his goods. Your appearance is always taken as an advertisement of what you are,” says an eminently successful business man.

“Thousands of people who have failed in life might have been happy and prosperous to-day had they learned early in life the importance of a good appearance.”

“‘Stand up, play up, spruce up,’ is my motto,” said one man to another.

“That is why you are somebody and have accomplished



something," replied his friend. "I know of no better way to success."

## PLAYING THE GAME

RECENTLY a public speaker of national repute, in telling what is the trouble with the modern boy, summed the whole matter up by saying, "He doesn't play the game." That is a pretty severe accusation, and at first thought you are likely to flare up and say it isn't so, that the modern boy is just as good as any boy that came before him, in fact better in many ways. Suppose you sit down, however, and take say twenty-five boys you know, including yourself in the list if you like, and then check them up by the little formula that I'm about to suggest. I believe you will be almost willing to agree with the public speaker.

To "play the game" one must be a real sportsman. That goes without saying. Being a real sportsman involves at least three things, absolute fairness and honesty, an appreciable amount of unselfishness, and a passionate love of action.

Sounds as if any boy that was worth his salt would just naturally have those three qualities in his make-up, but let us see. Let us define and apply them a little in order to understand them better.

Honesty. Now of course the average boy is not a burglar or a bank robber, but there are many other forms of dishonesty that are as bad or worse, and that are very much more common. For instance, there is the making of all sorts of promises that are never kept; there is the taking of points in a game that don't belong to one, or credit for something for which one is not responsible; or taking advantage, to one's own benefit, of a wrong impression. A good deal of what we excuse, too, as cleverness is just sharp



dishonesty. A while ago a boy in a certain high school "got by" in a difficult examination by making a simple set of hieroglyphics on one of his shirt cuffs. *He* called it being resourceful, but it was just rank dishonesty and branded him as a poor sportsman. He scored in the examination all right, but he wasn't playing the game. Another boy got 96 on his algebra paper. He knew that it must be an error for he had only attempted four out of the five problems. He could "get by" with it, but he believed in playing the game, so he took the paper to the instructor who said, "Why, John, it should have been 69, but when I got to your paper I was tired and confused."

"Then I flunked," said John disappointedly.

"No," said the teacher, "I'll give you another examination, for you played the game with me like a man."

The most difficult thing in the world is to be strictly fair and honest in all the little affairs of life. Check up your own petty dishonesties for one day and they will amaze you.

And when it comes to selfishness, it seems to be part and parcel of the human animal. Not necessarily the grosser forms of selfishness, but the more dangerous sorts that continually make a boy forget that after all there are others in the world besides himself. I recently saw a boy in a close basket-ball game deliberately throw away three scores for his team, one after another, by insisting on taking chances on long goals half-way down the floor, when in each instance there was a team-mate who was a much more accurate thrower than himself, right under the basket waiting for a chance. He squandered that team's chances of victory because he was selfish enough to want the glory all for his own. If you had charged him with being selfish he would have been insulted, but he certainly was not playing the game. I'll leave it to you.

A while ago a whole eager, enthusiastic crowd of boys

ready to go hiking in the mountains waited three-quarters of a precious hour on a Saturday afternoon for *one* late member of the gang. By and by he came sauntering along, whistling and absolutely unconscious of his selfishness. He had been doing something he wanted to do those forty-five minutes, and the rest could wait. Modern society is full of that sort of poor sportsmanship—an absolute disregard for other people's time. Somehow it is such an easy habit to drift into.

And the last essential of real sportsmanship is action—the exact opposite of being lazy. Many boys take a sort of pride in “letting George do it.” Did you ever drive an auto when one brake was dragging—not enough to squeak or even to keep you from getting up a fairly good rate of speed, but just dragging enough to take the keen edge off of your power? That is exactly what happens everywhere in society. For every lifter there are at least a dozen leaners—individuals who find it just a little too much trouble to get really into the game. They like to play and want to play, and feel bad if they are left out, but they are careless about their brakes. They aren't quite willing to do their full share. That alone is rank sportsmanship.

It is a wonderful thing to play the game, whether in athletics, social life, study or at home. It never fails to bring a satisfaction that nothing else can. Paul said with real enthusiasm, “I have fought a good fight, I have run my race, I have finished my course.” Those are the tests that tell. Now, check up on your list. *Does the average American boy play the game?* I leave the answer to you.

### SOME “BE’S” TO BE AND NOT TO BE.

“THERE are ‘Be’s’ and ‘Be’s,’” said a famous athlete recently in addressing a great gathering of boys who had

come together to discuss how a boy might make the most out of his life. "My mother raised me on 'Be's'. She had a few 'Don't Be's' also that she knew how to use very effectively upon occasion."

A little time ago I picked up a railroad folder on the back of which were a few selected "Be's" for travelers. Inasmuch as all life is a journey, it seems to me that some of those suggestive "Be's" would be quite as useful to boys who are on the Open Road to World Usefulness as to the traveling salesman or the tourist who is making a journey of only a few weeks at most.

There are plenty of boys who know just what a boy should be, but somehow they can not *be it*. For instance, there is a lot of difference between *knowing* all about the advantages of being honest and actually being honest. There is a great deal of difference between knowing all the latest football rules and *being* an all-American fullback. "Being" is information in action; "being" is doing it, not merely talking about it.

Let us consider briefly just a few "Be's" that are especially worth any boy's being.

## BE HAPPY

"No one wants to associate long with an animated vinegar cruet." Or, as Ella Wheeler Wilcox says:

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant  
When life flows by like a song,  
But the one worth while  
Is the one who will smile  
When everything goes dead wrong.

For the test of the heart is trouble  
And that always comes with years  
And the smile that is worth  
All the praises of earth  
Is the smile that smiles through tears.

In large hotels and office buildings certain folks carry master keys that will admit them to every room, closet, and cupboard in the building. Life has many doors that lead to all sorts of opportunities, privileges, and duties, and the "master key" of a happy disposition will admit you to all of them. Without it one is surely destined to miss much that is best and most worth while.

Your smile is one of your greatest assets. In Japan they teach smiling—with regular practice periods, too. In the Philippines, they deliberately instruct children how to be agreeable and pleasant on the public roads. There is a funny thing true of smiles and acts of good cheer—the more of them we give away the more we have left. Someone has suggested that we ought to "take our faces in hand and see that the crop they raise is not only a beard (they come whether we want them or not) but a large supply of helpful, gloom-dissolving smiles." "Remember that while it's the face that *shows* the smile, it is the heart that *makes* it."

## BE PERSISTENT

Did you ever watch a dog fight? Who wins?

Mr. Give-Up-Easy never gets above the bottom round on the "Ladder of Success"; but you always find Mr. Stick-To-It-Like-Grim-Death and Mr. Never-Give-Up, sitting astride the top round, partners in the art of making good.

"Luther Burbank worked nineteen years, selecting and hybridizing to get a giant amaryllis ten inches across," says Lucy Keller. "Who calls his success luck?"

Abraham Lincoln tells an excellent story of persistence. Once he saw a huge bumblebee clinging to the blossom of a bull thistle while the wind whipped it wildly about. The bee stuck and continued to prospect for honey all the time—on a thorny unpromising thistle.

“Don’t give up the ship, boys,” is a great thought to let get deep into your life. Being persistent is merely another way of saying “I will.”

James Terry White says that youthful Marshall Field went to a great merchant and asked, “Do you want a boy?”

“Nobody wants a boy,” replied the merchant.

“Do you *need* a boy?” the lad persisted, nowise abashed.

“Nobody needs a boy,” was the reply, but the boy would not give up.

“Well, say mister, do you *have to have* a boy?”

“I think likely we do and I rather think you are the boy,” replied the merchant. This boy had the right idea. Don’t be a quitter. “A quitter who quits after he starts is bad, but the quitter who quits before he begins is the limit.”

## BE COURTEOUS

Did you ever hear the story of Fido and the Monkey? Fido had been sleeping peacefully until a hand-organ aroused him. As he saw the monkey coming toward him, he sprang up in a fury and was about to tear the intruder to pieces, when the little animal did what he had been trained to do under all circumstances—took off his hat and made a deep, friendly bow. This was a situation for which Fido was not prepared; he was so surprised that he stopped, dropped his tail, hung his head in shame and slunk away to hide. Even dogs appreciate courtesy. The word “courteous” comes from the Greek and literally means “to be

friendly minded." This is a "Be" that boys sometimes forget.

## BE DECISIVE

Life is made up of an endless chain of decisions. We have to decide to get up; decide which clothes to put on (and that is some job when it comes to neckties and socks); decide whether we will take our cereal with or without cream, our toast with or without butter, and our eggs soft or hard, turned over or "straight up." So it goes on all day from the time we waken till we *decide* to go to bed. The boy who cannot make quick and ever increasingly accurate decisions is lost. He uses up all his time making up his mind and then gets left.

I once saw an indecisive man in a dining car. He read the menu a dozen times inside and out, back and front. He was just starting to read it again when the conductor came through and said, "We drop the diner at Portsmouth—you have only three minutes." All he got for breakfast was a toothpick.

The President of a great corporation recently said, "I would rather have a man who makes instantaneous decisions and is right seven times out of ten, than a man who fusses around, calculates and puts off making up his mind, and then is right ten times out of ten."

Be decisive. The world revolves around choices. You choose what sort of an education you will get, what your life work is to be, whom you will marry, what you will do with your money, until your life is actually the index and register of all your past decisions.

Being decisive, however, does not mean continually going off half-cocked. There is a great deal of difference between decision and impetuosity. Educate your decisions to be accurate and reliable.



## BE PATRIOTIC

That means something more than merely shouting when the flag goes by and burning yourself gloriously on the Fourth of July with a "whopping big fire-cracker." Patriotism isn't so much what you say about your country, but what you do for your country. You and a lot of other fellows like you are partners as citizens, and the sort of a country that you are to have is going to depend entirely on you. "Just remember that every right and benefit you receive from the community or nation, must be offset by a corresponding duty and paid for by the performance of that duty." Our country is our business, and if it is to be a success we must study our business.

Sometimes it becomes necessary for a large number of the choicest young members of such a firm, to go forth to fight for the sacred principles that firm stands for—even to die on the field of battle. That is real patriotism. But a still greater sort of patriotism is living for your country. You cannot call yourself truly patriotic unless you are willing to live for the Grand Old Flag. That means getting a generous education, developing a strong athletic body, building a character, living for your fellowmen. Remember the tragic story of the "Man Without a Country." He was not willing to pay the price of real patriotism.

## BE ONTO YOUR JOB

Know not only something about everything but also everything about something. "The Jack of all trades and master of none" is all too common. It is fine to have a wide variety of interests, to gather facts and information

like precious stones—but get all the facts in some chosen line. There is always a place waiting for the man who knows his job. Everybody wants him. He can take his pick of positions.

Just notice for one day how few of the men you rub up against really know their jobs. Most of them are amateurs, and always will be. They have never really gotten onto their jobs—it's too much trouble.

It is a mistaken idea that opportunity knocks only once. Opportunity is a very frequent visitor to the door of the man who is really on the job and has his ear tuned to hear the knock. Get ready to open "the Door" and it will respond to your touch quickly. Determine to become an expert in your line. To do that takes head as well as hands, and heart and soul as well as muscle. Get *all* of you onto the job, and then see what happens in your race for success.

## BE SOCIAL MINDED

How often we hear certain folks in the community referred to as foreigners: Dagos, Polacks, Sheenies, and the like. Not long ago, a boy was run down by an auto in a western city. A crowd quickly gathered. One man, after viewing the crushed remains, pushed his way out of the crowd and was heard to say, "Nothin' but a Mexican boy. There's lots more of 'em." I don't believe a *boy* would talk like that, for boys are genuinely democratic—that is, the best boys are—and are anxious to see *all* boys have a fair chance.

America has become the Great Melting Pot, where foreigners, ourselves included, (for our parents, grandparents, or great-grandparents were all foreigners) are molded into good Americans. "Our country asks us to remember that

fact, and to forget all hyphens, nick-names, and derision."

Sometime there is going to be a true Brotherhood of Man, and we can help that desirable end along considerably by our present attitudes. Let us strive to become genuinely social minded and see to it that all boys have a fair show at the *best* America can offer, instead of the worst.

### BE A THINKER

"Every boy has a head topside his neck. This head was not put there by accident, nor as an ornament. Of course, the head is useful as a means of identification, being equipped with a face, but if that was all it was good for, what would be the use of identifying you? Nobody would care a rap whether you were Pete, Jim, or the kid who lives over the bakery. The real purpose of the head is to serve as a packing case for the brain, and the brain is a machine for the manufacture of thoughts. So you want to learn how to run it, and how to keep it clean and well oiled. You want to learn how to use it no matter what comes up—in an emergency just as well as in a contest to guess how many beans there are in a jar. There's a heap of difference between thinking and the sort of product a lot of folks' brains turn out. One brain that can think is worth a hundred arms strong enough to lift a heifer. That's why a general is more valuable than a great many thousands of soldiers, each one of whom could probably lick him beautifully in a fist fight. It's because he can think," says *The American Boy*, and that is a thought worth reading at least two or three times.

A boy without brains is like a splendid automobile without an engine—he looks nice, but he can't get anywhere. He will be worth but a few dollars a day from his ears

down; muscle, even good muscle, is cheap. It is brain power that costs and that accomplishes great things. Therefore, don't get so everlastingly busy at a lot of "*things*" that you have no time for a lot of "*thinks*." "*Thinks*" are what make life livable.

## BE A LIFTER

Progress moves forward only as it is lifted on its way by willing hands. Think what would happen to "Progress" if we were all "lifters" instead of so many of us being "leaners," yes, and worse than that, for too many of us not only insist on riding, but we drag our feet.

Forty men gathered to watch two other men help a fallen horse to its feet. A bridge full of folks watched one stripling endeavor to rescue a drowning man. Two dozen "leaners" stand and watch a team of horses struggle with a heavily loaded coal wagon on an icy hill. Get into the game. Lift your end. It may be a heavy, disagreeable end where no one can see you and applaud your efforts, but if you drop it and become a "leaner" you may cause a wreck. *Grit your teeth and lift hard.*

## SOME OTHER "BE'S"

We might go on and on listing desirable "Be's." Be ambitious, be conscientious, be courageous, be healthy, be honest, be industrious, be just, be loyal, be progressive, be self-controlled, be temperate—in fact, be all the things that are big, fine, and worth while, and the world will welcome you as a Leader of Men. "To be or not to be, that is the

question," and you have the answer. It was David Livingstone who said, "I have determined to be *something* with all my might."

### A FEW NOT TO-BE'S

Don't be a critic. Anybody can criticise. It's easy enough to tell just what's wrong with the "ump" and to point out all the mistakes of the quarter-back. Anybody can criticise the Government, the Church, and the weather. This business of becoming critical is a disease. The critic and the pessimist are twin-brothers. See that you're not related to either one of them.

Don't be a "blabber." That isn't just slang, it's a real word, and it's an awful blemish to any boy's character. Being a quitter is bad enough, being a coward is worst, but being a "blabber"—there are no nice words to describe it. There is only one safe place for a tattler, and that's in a graveyard.

Don't be a mollycoddle. You can usually tell what sort a boy is by his nickname. If he is a real boy through and through, the gang are fully aware of the fact and dub him accordingly. Likewise, if he is a lovely, ladylike chap all toggled out and primped up, they never hesitate to label him correctly. Don't be a mollycoddle. But go a bit easy when you're judging the other fellow, for it's pretty hard for some boys not to be "Sissies" when they have to live incessantly with just aunties, big sisters, and the like and are deprived of close association with vigorous men. Don't soft pedal, however, a *bit* when you are sizing up yourself.

Be a stalwart, four-square man, a good sportsman through and through. Weed out relentlessly any sissy notions, habits, or appearances that you have. This does not mean that you must become a howling, painted savage

to prove that you are masculine, but it does mean that you will strive to be manly instead of sissy. Go in for manly sports and play, read invigorating books, associate with real boys, develop resourcefulness and initiative, and seek to excel in some manly job. "There may be plenty of excuses for a mollycoddle, but such a boy can never excuse himself."

Don't be afraid to apologize. If you make a mistake—and all human beings do that very thing a lot oftener than they care to admit—don't pass the blame on to someone else, but just square it frankly with the offended party. Hardest thing you ever did, of course, but it will make you feel every inch a man. Save your self-respect by taking your medicine no matter how bitter. Try it.

## HAVE THEM FIGHTING FOR YOU

A CERTAIN college coach had almost given up in despair of making anything out of the most promising boy who had ever fallen into his hands. The boy had all the qualities of a great athlete in the making, *as long as he was not in intense competition*. When things were going well he could be depended upon to play hard, fair and square, and according to rules. But just as surely as he found himself hard pressed in a tight game, he would slip from grace. So noticeable was this trait of his, that many folks forgot the splendid things he did in the ordinary contests, and watched critically in a close game for the first signs of "Jim's blow-up." He was like a tea-kettle—when things got too hot he would boil over and spoil everything. Jim himself was not blind to this great weakness and lived in mortal dread of the big games lest he should once more disgrace himself. He knew it was wrong and invariably repented with all his heart—but too late.



Not until the coach had worked with him three long years did he discover the explanation for these "spills" of poor sportsmanship which hung over the aspirant like a cloud. Away back in Jim's boyhood days, on the corner lot of a little town, he had allowed himself to form bad habits of play which all the years of interscholastic and college training had not been able to eradicate. Just as certainly as he found himself forced to contend with every ounce of his being in a contest, a new sprout from his old habits would spring to the surface. They seemed to be as much a part of him as his hands or feet.

Every boy is a bundle of habits, some good, some bad, and his character is the sum total of both the negative and positive habits he has allowed himself to form. Herbert Spencer says, "We are creatures of Habit. We succeed or fail as we acquire good habits or bad ones; and we acquire good habits as easily as bad ones. Most people do not believe this. Only those who have found it out succeed."

James Terry White says, "If we will take care of the habits we form the first twenty years of our lives, they will take care of us the last twenty years of our lives." Or, as someone else has aptly put it, "We first make our habits and then our habits make us." All of us have a natural tendency to do that which we have frequently done before, just as running water makes for itself a channel through which it flows with more ease all the time.

There is a story of a blacksmith of the Middle Ages, who was taken prisoner and confined in a dungeon. Because of the knowledge his craft had taught him, he carefully examined the heavy links that bound him, expecting somewhere to find a weak place which could be made to yield. But presently he dropped his hands hopelessly. Certain marks told him that the chain was *of his own making* and it had always been his boast that no chain of his work-

manship could be broken. "There are no chains so hard to break as those of our own forging."

Mr. C. C. Everett calls our attention to the force of habit as seen in little things. He says that through these one can most easily get an idea of the real power of habit.

"Notice its power in such matters as putting on one's clothes—one's coat, for instance. Almost everyone in doing this always puts the same arm first into the sleeve. With some it is the right arm and with some it is the left. Probably very few, if they were asked, could tell which arm they put in first; but as soon as they undertake to do the thing, the arm which commonly goes first makes the movement; and it is only by a strong act of will that it can be made to give way to the other." How fortunate it is for us that hundreds of such movements become habits. Else we would never become proficient in anything; we would always be beginners at everything. Just think of learning to walk every day before we could go anywhere, or of learning to smile each time, or of stopping to practice how to tie our necktie, or any one of the countless things that we do automatically every day of our lives. Our handwriting, our way of speaking, standing, and sitting all become habits. For instance; a swimmer never forgets how to swim—his muscles have learned the swimming habit. Eating and sleeping become habits. Early in life we reduce many commonplace things to habit, leaving our minds free to grapple with the new problems that keep constantly arising.

What a wonderful force that is to put into our hands! By it we can be made anything we choose. If we wish to be honest, it is easy; all we have to do is to practice honesty consistently, and before we know it we are honest—we have made it a habit. Though at first, like cement, it is soft and pliable, we can harden it into a habit. Did you ever think of it that way before? And what great fun it is, making

habits! Health is largely a habit. Reliability, industry, courtesy, cleanliness, thrift, and helpfulness are all easily turned into habits. Tillotson tells us that "when we have practiced good actions a while, they become easy; when they are easy we take pleasure in them; when they please us we do them frequently; and then by frequency of act they grow into a habit." If there is any one special thing you desire to be, then begin to form it into a habit.

Here are some things which should be crystallized into habit by every boy. "Careful thinking on every subject; assimilating the knowledge that comes from observation and reading; correctness in conversation and manners; physical exercise and regular hours; devotional study and prayer; the old-fashioned virtues, (the solvent of all financial, social, and economic questions now agitated); industry and economy; as well as method in work of every kind," writes a great merchant in his letters to his son.

It takes a bit more care to form good habits than it does to slide into bad ones, but it pays much better in the end. It is a wonderful thing to have all your habits building you up all the time, instead of having some of them tearing down as fast as others build you up. What would you think of a contractor who, having taken a contract to erect a beautiful cathedral, put one large gang of men at work, setting stone upon stone and beam upon beam, and then allowed another gang to destroy, destroy? Instead of a great cathedral, he would simply create a monstrous heap of rubbish. Yet that is what many people do in building their lives, which accounts for so many failures. If you have a habit that isn't a "builder," fire him at once and put in his place a real helper.

"Have your habits fighting for you," says ex-Governor Carlson, "not against you."

Of course, we do not deliberately form bad habits, any any more than we deliberately accept counterfeit money.

They come about by carelessness. They are usually the result of following the line of least resistance. Before we know it, there is a bad habit—an ugly, useless imp that bosses us about and laughs at our helplessness, perhaps all the rest of our days.

Many a boy is absolutely a slave to his undesirable habits. Charles Spurgeon used to tell a fable about a certain Arab, who one night was startled by a camel's nose thrust through the door of the tent where he was sleeping. "It is very cold outside," said the camel, "I only want to get my nose in." The nose was let in, then the neck, and finally the whole body. Presently, the Arab began to be extremely inconvenienced by the ungainly companion he had allowed, bit by bit, to come into his tiny tent.

"If you are inconvenienced, you may leave," said the camel and says the habit. "As for myself, I shall stay where I am, *for I am larger and more powerful than you!*"

Of all the drudgery in the world, the hardest is the labor of trying to break bad habits. If you doubt it, try it yourself. Like weeds in the garden, if we do not everlastingly keep after them they soon ruin everything.

Henry Ward Beecher once said, "The difficulty of grubbing up blackberry bushes is that you cannot get at them on account of the number of them. There are big ones, but they are invariably surrounded with little ones; and if you attempt to reach in with the pruning-hook, you need to begin at the outside and cut and grub away the little ones; when you have done that successfully, you can whack at the big ones." So it is with many habits. If we attempt to touch those habits first which are far in, we are torn and scratched by the little ones. But every time we overcome a small habit, we take a step towards getting at the bigger ones.

How a "hold-up" man frightens us when he steps out from some dark corner and demands our pocketbook and

our watch! Yet we let that worst of robbers, "Bad Habit," take our character and chances in life without raising a hand. Have your habits fighting *for* you and not against you, if you really wish to live a successful life.

### STEALING YOUR OWN BEST CHANCES

SINCE time began the thief has been regarded as an arch villain and an enemy of society and has been sternly dealt with. Savage tribes banished them into the wilderness with no protection, food or clothes. We are all familiar with what happened to horse thieves in the early days of our own country. There has always been, however, a much worse form of thievery among men than stealing wealth or personal property—the wide-spread and common practice of *stealing from one's self*. Such robbers ultimately bring upon themselves a punishment that is quite as hard as that meted out to burglars and bandits by the state.

Most folks have a far larger supply of chances than they realize, and so should always be on guard to protect themselves against loss, for unless one is continually vigilant, first one chance and then another gets away until one finds himself virtually a pauper—a self-made pauper—for he has robbed his very own self. *The worst thief in all the world is the one who continually robs himself of his own chances.*

Do you know whether you harbor a certain number of Imps that are constantly on the lookout to steal from you? Perhaps the most persistent of these is the Imp of Carelessness and Indifference that robs us of our eager enthusiasm to accomplish the best that is in us. Many an individual endowed with superb abilities dies a failure because



he has allowed indifference to steal his enthusiasm. "Laziness grows on people. It begins a cobweb, and ends an iron chain." Think what might have happened to this country if Patrick Henry had allowed the Imp of Indifference to the great issues at stake to rob him of his chance to thunder forth that tremendous oration of his that began the Revolutionary War. It was his great chance, and there was not a particle of indifference in his makeup. Hear him "Should I keep back my opinions at such a time through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of high treason toward my country and of disloyalty to the majesty of heaven which I revere above all. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sirs, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. . . . It is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat now but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard in the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; let it come. I repeat it, sir, let it come!"

Does that sound as if the man who spoke it, had robbed himself of his chains by indifference?

There are three kinds of indifference—physical, mental and spiritual. The man who refuses to keep fit physically is stealing his best chances, for "health is the greatest of all possessions, and it is a maxim with me that a whole cobbler is a better man than a sick king," says one writer. The man who in these stupendous times lets his mental indifference deprive him of his chances to read and think finds himself left behind while others rush on to bigger things. Education is the only thing in the world given away, and yet thousands of boys quit school each year because they are mentally lazy, and in that *one* act rob themselves of their greatest chances in the world.



We are coming as never before to understand the limitless resources of the spiritual realm. It is a power house on which any man can draw not only to meet his personal temptations, but to accomplish marvelous pieces of constructive work. Just think of the tragedy of letting our spiritual indifference rob us of these resources. The following story is told of a group of supposedly wise men aboard an ocean liner. They had spent the whole evening "proving" there is no God when someone suggested they go out on deck for a breath of air before retiring. It was a wonderfully clear night, the sky was lighted up with a million stars. They stood in silence for a moment gazing upward. Then one of them ventured, "Who made all that?"

Another robber of our best chances is procrastination. There is scarcely a failure in the world that didn't intend to do larger things. George Horace Lorimer says, "I want you to learn at the outset not to play with the spoon before you take the medicine. Putting off an easy thing makes it hard, and putting off a hard one makes it impossible," or, as Carlyle says, "The race of life has become intense; the runners are treading on each other's heels; woe be to him who stops to tie his shoestrings." Which of you has not had the experience of seeing someone else do the very thing that you intended to do—after a while—but you robbed yourself of the chance because you put it off?

Yet another robber of our largest opportunities is lack of will-power and determination, for "there is no 'impossible' for the man who can *will* strong enough and long enough." Think what would likely have happened to the world if that wonderful Frenchman, General Foch, had in the years before the war robbed himself of his every day chances to build up strength of will.

Years of such training of the will were behind that immortal message which he sent to General Joffre at the

battle of the Marne, after his men were driven back on both flanks, and he had concentrated what was left of the center for a new advance. "My right has been rolled up, my left has been driven back, my center has been smashed. *I have ordered an advance from all directions.*" Think of that the next time you are about to rob yourself of a splendid chance by saying, "I can't," or "It can't be done."

Cecil Rhodes writes in his autobiography, "It took me fifteen years to get a mine, *but I got it.*" James Whitcomb Riley says, "For twenty years I tried to get into one magazine; back came my manuscripts eternally. I kept on. In the twentieth year that magazine accepted one of my articles."

The boy who robs himself of the power to will has stolen from himself the very essence of success. So many boys seem to have largely "wishbone" where their backbone ought to be.

A splendid story is told of a brave lad in the war who got his only chance by willing it. It was in one of those crowded makeshift hospitals just back of the front. The surgeon had made his examination of the young chap and shook his head hopelessly, saying to the Chaplain who accompanied him, "He's done for."

The Chaplain leaned over the soldier and whispered, "My lad, you are in desperate shape, and if you have anything to say, or any word to send to the family, better tell me now."

"My inside coat pocket," whispered the soldier, a queer light in his dim eye.

The Chaplain pulled out a pocketbook, in which was one lone ten dollar bill. In doubt as to the soldier's wish, he held up the ten. The boy smiled.

"What shall I do with it?" asked the Chaplain.

The soldier whispered, "Bet you that ten I don't die."

And he didn't. It took oceans of grit and determination,

but his supply never failed. He had never robbed himself of those qualities, but rather had always been accumulating his supply little by little against the day of his final chance.

How about it anyway? Honest, and true, are you robbing yourself day by day by the habit of not seeing things through that you are allowing to grow stronger or can you say with all the fervor of a regular fellow, along with John Neihardt:

More than half beaten, but fearless,  
Facing the storm and the night;  
Breathless and reeling, but tearless,  
Here in the lull of the fight,  
I who bow not but before Thee,  
God of the Fighting Clan,  
Lifting my fists I implore Thee,  
Give me the heart of a Man!

Red is the mist about me;  
Deep is the wound in my side;  
"Coward" thou criest to flout me?  
O terrible foe, thou hast lied!  
Here with my battle before me,  
God of the Fighting Clan,  
Grant that the woman who bore me  
Suffered to suckle a Man!

### WHAT ARE YOUR DIMENSIONS?

Two mischievous lads once got hold of the old parson's Bible and deliberately pasted together the two pages containing the text for the following Sunday's sermon. When Sunday came they sat back in the corner to enjoy the reading of the Scripture.

"And Noah took unto himself a wife," read the preacher, then turning the page, "And she was 300 cubits long and 50 cubits wide and 30 cubits high." Needless to say, the

pastor paused and looked over his spectacles and then added, "All of which, my brethren, goes to show that we are wonderfully and awfully made."

And that raises an interesting and significant question, "What are *your* dimensions?" Are you large or small? Are you a lightweight or a heavyweight?

We have all read and enjoyed stories of the long ago when giants roamed the earth and did pretty much as they pleased because of their size. Ordinary folks had no chance with these powerful creatures at all. Recall, too, how each ancient army had one great, huge champion who did all their actual fighting for them. Goliath was such a warrior. A mighty giant who was not afraid of man or beast. He sallied forth each day into the field before the little camp of the Israelites and shouted his challenge across to them, "Send me a man that I may fight with him." And they were sore afraid because they had no giant. Then what happened?

David although but a lad, volunteered to act as Israel's champion and fight the giant. A bit of a boy! Why, when they got the kid to put on Saul's armor, he rattled all about in it. Because he had learned, however, to do one simple thing well—so well that he was an expert at it—he was able to ignore size altogether. He was a good Scout, for he was prepared. The giant laughed in derision and boasted what *he* would do to the little shrimp—but with all his size, did he do it? Who won that fight? A giant with a heavyweight body and a lightweight brain or a boy featherweight with a heavyweight brain who believed absolutely in himself and in his ability to cope with any situation? Don't make the mistake, however, of tackling a Goliath until you have toiled and sweated and practiced and trained to acquire the particular skill required to overcome him.

"The world stands aside to let anyone pass who knows

where he is going," says a great college professor. Well founded self-reliance is the secret of all achievement; no brand of bluff no matter if it does *look* hefty and appear to have the bulk can turn the trick.

A while ago an elephant in one of our big zoos, a mighty brute of some two and a half tons, choked to death on a crumb. An elephant that could pull up trees by the roots, lift great logs like so many toothpicks, who could no doubt crush a half dozen men in its trunk at one time, actually choked to death on a bit of a dry crumb. Mr. Elephant's mere size and strength could not save him in a time of emergency. It took something more which he lacked.

On a certain street corner a soap box orator harangued the crowd of hangers-on. It was a warm sultry night. The air was full of insects and they bothered the wildly gesticulating orator. "There is no God, the world is going to the bow-wows, beware of capital," shouted the man, and just then a gnat got into his windpipe and he strangled. Quite a difference in size, a giant and a pigmy, but the pigmy won, proving again that mere size don't count.

In a certain city a huge man, a modern giant, is employed as door-man for a great department store. More than seven feet tall is he, and what an imposing figure he does make in his blue uniform, helping folks in and out of their cars all day. But the proprietor of that great establishment is a man of tiny stature, a cripple who has to be helped about. *He* employs more than a thousand men and women—the giant is an errand boy. What makes the difference?

Primitive man took his club and sallied forth to get whatever he wanted or needed. He got it by pure brute strength, and kept getting it until one day he was caught in a small steel trap—an ingenious contraption invented by a man half his size who had more than brawn, for he had brains. *The big stick now-a-days is brains—trained brains.* You can



never tell how much brains a man has by the size of his hat. Furthermore, the quantity is not so important as quality, and the quality, within certain limits, is dependent upon training.

I know a pair of twin brothers who look as much alike as two peas; same height, same weight, wear the same size suit and shoes. One is a leading surgeon in his community, the other drives a milk wagon. One trained himself for leadership by expanding his mental dimensions. The other sat on a cracker box in the country store and waited for opportunity to call for him.

Strange as it may seem, it is a fact that the bee makes her honey from exactly the same nectar as that from which the hermit spider distills one of the deadliest poisons known. The real question is, how do you treat your opportunities? Do you distill them into successes or failures?

There have been a good many men die of old age waiting for a big opportunity to come along. Some one once asked a wise old farmer how much land a man needed to make a living on in a certain section. "Well," came the reply, "that all depends on the man. 'Bout a square rod, if the fool man knows enough. If he don't know nothin', he'd like as not starve on a square mile."

Your real size depends on what you know and can do. Take for instance the case of George Eastman the kodak king. At one time in his early history he had to shut down his plate factory because he could not hit on the correct formula for making sensitized plates. Did he acknowledge defeat? He did not! He jumped on a boat and went to England and brought back with him all that the English could teach him and started his factory again. You know the rest. A two-by-four would have sworn it couldn't be done.

Edison, when asked his definition of genius, answered: "Two per cent is genius and ninety-eight per cent is hard



work." And when the great inventor was asked, on another occasion, "Mr. Edison, don't you believe that genius is inspiration?" he replied, "No! Genius is *perspiration*."

Three men sat in a hotel lobby talking. One had a great piece of land but no capital to develop it, the second had no land but plenty of capital, but neither had the most remote notion of how to put the land and the capital together to make it produce. The third man listened to the talk a few moments and then his face lit up and he said, "Gentlemen, I have an idea." It took all three things to make a success.

James Field tells us that "ideas are the greatest warriors of the world. Thoughts are mightier than armies." Creative thoughts are the product of trained minds. The only dimensions that really count are the dimensions of your inward person. It makes little or no difference where you are or how big your handicaps are, *the thing that counts is you*.

"Some people have ideas—good ones, too—but they haven't the courage and the initiative to try them out, and so they plod along in mediocrity when they might make a fortune for themselves, besides rendering the world a great service."

Kamba Simango is one of the most remarkable students at Columbia University. In his native village in Portuguese East Africa, young Simango first learned that there was such a thing as education from other boys who had gone to distant towns to work, and who returned occasionally to visit their parents.

"We knew that people sent and received letters and that these letters carried messages," he said to a newspaper reporter. "When we were little we used to puncture holes in leaves and give them to each other, pretending that they were letters. I learned to count from the playing cards which the boys who had gone away to work brought back with them."

When Simango was fourteen he started for Beira, a seaport town where an American missionary had opened a school, with native teachers for instructors. The Portuguese authorities, however, broke up the school and cruelly beat the teachers. But the boy had succeeded in learning the English alphabet, and his thirst for learning thus stimulated, he made another desperate attempt to acquire knowledge, walking two hundred and fifty miles to a school in Rhodesia. There he stayed for six years, attending school two hours a day and working the rest of the time to support himself. While in Rhodesia he read Booker T. Washington's story of his life, which fired him with the ambition to go to Hampton Institute. By the most strenuous and persistent work he accomplished this also, and was graduated from Hampton before entering Columbia University.

### TAKE AIM—FIRE!

THERE is no greater question before modern American young people than this: what are they aiming at—what is their objective—where are they going? The reason so many young people get nowhere is because they do not set out to go anywhere. They are like the sleepy, big, slow-moving lobster on the beach. The tide washes him up in the mud and he stays there until the tide comes and gets him again. He isn't headed anywhere in particular. Students of human life tell us that less than ten per cent of folks have a clearly defined objective and know where they are going. That is why so many of them are content to live in the mud and why so many of them will be found going round and round in the great whirlpools of life.

I have often wondered what would happen to the Twentieth Century Limited if it didn't have tracks that led it

definitely to a destination. Think of all that power! If it wasn't on proper tracks headed straight for a certain point it would be a dangerous monster. Inside the cab of that great engine is an engineer who knows exactly where he is going and he lets absolutely nothing side-track him. He is aiming to get from Chicago to New York with his precious cargo of human freight in the minimum of time. How long would it take a chip to float the distance from Chicago to New York?

What is your aim? Could you write it down this minute in a convincing statement? Where are you going and what are you doing to insure your safe arrival? Answer that question satisfactorily and your success will be largely assured.

Of course, your aim must be reasonably practical. It would be folly for an American to set out to become a Chinese Emperor or for a Chinaman to aim to become President of the United States; likewise it would be impractical for a blind man to aim to become a great astronomer. We need to study our own aptitudes and abilities. Even so, there are certain worthy aims common to us all. If we would merely aim at these that would be a big step in the right direction.

We should all aim to be healthful—but do we? Most of us give health about as little intelligent consideration as possible. Yet without health the realization of our other aims is greatly jeopardized. Health of mind and body is certainly the beginning of all worthy aims.

We should aim to be happy. This is a difficult thing to do in a world that is filled with sorrow and misunderstanding and injustice. It is so easy to be miserable and misery loves company. One of the surest ways to be happy is to be healthful and one of the surest ways to be healthful is to be happy, so there we have at least a pair of twin aims that are fundamental.

But there is a third fundamental aim that should possess us all. We should aim to be good—good for something. Every normal minded person should aim intensely to be useful, for no life that is genuinely useful has failed, no matter how humble its sphere.

Consider for a moment: If all the young people in America, some thirty-five millions, should suddenly aim in all seriousness to become healthful, happy, and useful, what would happen to this old world in less than thirty days? We would have thirty-five million twentieth century limiteds operating in America to make it a better place to live in, instead of having millions of human chips stuck on sand bars and millions more going round and round in Sargasso Seas and millions more being lobsters and waiting for the tide to take them somewhere.

Aim, then shoot, and if you do it skillfully you will encourage some one else whose hand is not quite so steady or whose eye is not quite so clear, to do likewise.

If you feel that you are neglecting your health, that you are unhappy and discontented, that you are not making your life count, then be sure of one thing, you need to take aim anew. One of the splendid things about living is the fact that if you miss the first time you can aim and shoot again and keep at it till you become a sharpshooter. That's success. But if you never aim at all, how can you expect even to hit the target?



PART VII  
AND KEEP PLUGGING





## SPEAKING OF BONES

THE Boy Scout who wrote in his physiology test that there are but four main bones was a good observer of human nature even if his physiology was somewhat faulty. His classification would never satisfy a good surgeon and more than likely he would "flunk-out" on a First Aid merit test, but his idea was a good one just the same and is worth passing on. Said Scout gave us in his statement about bones a remarkably accurate description of about all the boys we know.

"There are just four main bones," he said, "jaw-bones, wish-bones, tail-bones and back-bones,"—and there you have four complete biographies each in two words. The question is, in which class are you?

There is a wonderful adventure story in the Good Book about the marvelous exploits with the jaw-bone of an ass, of a certain mighty man of valor, but that was an exception, for usually the jaw-bone chap takes his all out in talk and is not a doer of great and valiant deeds. "I" is usually his only initial and if ever there is any worthwhile thing accomplished in his town for which he does not take the leading credit, then he doesn't know about it. This "jaw-bone" fellow is a great critic too. He knows just what's the matter with the Troop and the Scoutmaster and the "whole works." Jaw-bones do not seem to realize that, "Those who make the least noise do the most work. An engine that expends all its steam in whistling has nothing left with which to turn the wheels."

Some good rhymester has written down a very timely suggestion for the "jaw-bone."

A thoughtful man will never set  
His tongue a-going, and forget  
To stop it when his brain has quit  
A-thinking thoughts to offer it.

A jaw-bone is mighty valuable when you have a well-considered opinion to offer modestly. Any "jaw-bone" can yell fire and create a panic, but a real Scout uses his head. A bright light in a cellar window may or may not be a sign of danger. Scout Arthur Ohlson, of Troop A, Bloomfield, N. J., discovered one while delivering papers and decided to find out just what it meant. One look was enough. A brisk fire was burning among some paint and oil buckets.

Instead of yelling "fire" Ohlson quietly rang the door-bell. No response. He took the painters' ladder and climbed to a second-story window, which he smashed. The rooms were full of smoke, but he found and routed out four dazed, befuddled inmates and conducted them to safety. Imagine a "jaw-bone" handling a job like that!

A quick ride on his bicycle, a pull at the hook in the fire alarm box, and the gongs of speeding apparatus sounded in the distance. He guided the engine to the burning house and had the satisfaction of seeing the fire checked before it destroyed the upper floors, and then he disappeared. "Jaw-bone" would have called a special meeting of the gang and with due pomp and ceremony proposed himself for a Carnegie Medal.

Did you ever save the wish-bone from the Thanksgiving turkey and carefully dry it so that by and by you and Bill could each take hold of an end and *wish a big wish*, that you were rich or famous or had an airship or were

Senior Patrol Leader—and then pull? And did the wish ever come true? Such wishing is merely kidding yourself.

Did you ever hear a fellow say after the fun was all over, "Gee, wish I had gone too." Or when some other fellow who hadn't a bit more natural ability than anyone else sailed in and won an especially desirable recognition, did you ever hear the croaker say, "I wish I could do that." The trouble with most "wish-bones" is they are simply lazy. They haven't any self-starters and it's too much trouble to crank themselves. They haven't learned that you can't climb a hill by simply wishing you were at the top. Roosevelt reminded us that our history contains the name of no one worth remembering who led a life of ease wishing for achievement.

Do you suppose Stevenson wished Treasure Island out of his ink-well? Here is his own description of how it was done. Not much wish-bone in it either!

"For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seemed to me, I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now, have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific; and still few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on—ill or well, is a trifle; so it goes. I have been made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle."

It had been a very hot day and the trail very long and a bit severe in places, but to one lad at least traveling over it had been torture, for he was a sedentary boy. Ever

look that word up in your dictionary? The definition will surprise you—"Characterized by too much sitting," it says. This lad had kept the whole line waiting all the afternoon. He had insisted upon warming every convenient spot on the trail. When the party finally emerged on top he promptly squatted, exclaiming as he did so, "I'm certainly glad the Good Lord made me so I can sit down." If more boys had less tail-bone and more back-bone, there would be many more Eagle Scouts.

Bob Burdette was certainly thinking of the "tail-bone" chaps when he wrote, "My son, follow not in the footsteps of the loafer, and make no example of him who is born tired, for, verily, I say unto you, his business is overstocked, the seats on the corner are all taken, and the whittling places are all occupied. It's better to saw wood at two bits a cord than to whittle at a whittling match and abuse the Government."

That's the record with the average man. He spends five years of his life doing nothing but just sitting. George H. Knox tells us that, "during their spare time, the time in which they were not supposed to be busy, men have done things which have made them immortal—the classics have been translated, orations written, inventions thought out, and enterprises planned and developed which have revolutionized the world"—but never by "tail-bones."

A back-bone is as essential to a real boy as a drive shaft to an automobile or a propeller shaft to an airship. A casual observer may not notice whether the shaft is really there or not, and the good ship may look all right from the outside without one, but it won't take you anywhere—never! And what's more to the point, you can't just write to the factory for a back-bone and then install it and be "good as new." You have to *grow* back-bone by the law of use. It's the result of standing on your own feet and fighting your own fight.

If you were preparing for a long, perilous, uphill climb into some unknown country in search of a great treasure, can you imagine yourself loading your pack of precious food and equipment on a pony that had no back-bone—a pony that would sag all down in the middle when it came to the hard, steep places and have to be unpacked and nursed along till the level was reached again? Next time you are on the long trail with the bunch, when the packs get heavy and the feet sore, keep your eye open for the boy who hasn't any back-bone. He'll grumble and kick and wish he had stayed at home and so will you. About two-thirds of any achievement is pure back-bone. True greatness is largely grit. Success doesn't just happen; it is the dividend on go-getter spunk.

It happened like this: They were inseparable pals. They swore by each other through thick and thin. And then one day the testing came. They had been for a long hike and were taking a short cut home through the railroad yards. As they walked along they noticed an open switch. Satisfied that it had been left so carelessly they determined to throw it to prevent it derailing any rolling stock. However, while they were trying to do this, it caught half way and stuck tight. Jim, thinking to assist Henry, gave the half open rail a hard kick with his heel. In the twinkling of an eye the rail snapped and locked Jim's foot tight. Up the track sounded a whistle. Down the track came the unmistakable rumble of moving rolling stock. Henry took in the whole situation at a glance. Two loose "empties" had been bumped onto a siding by a switch engine and allowed to coast. Nearer and nearer they came, slackening in speed every second, but moving just the same. There was no brakeman in sight. Frantically Henry tugged at the locked switch, but it was of no avail and soon he knew that he was wasting precious seconds. Then



he remembered that it would take but a tiny bit of wood or a small rock to snub the moving cars to a standstill, but there wasn't a thing in sight save the tall green weeds that grew along the track. What should he do?

Nearer and nearer came those two empties. Jim begged Henry to save him. Henry looked wildly about him for a suggestion, but in vain. Then his back-bone asserted itself. His pal was in danger of his life—he must save him. Suddenly he became quiet and cool. The cars were still thirty feet from the imprisoned Jim. Calmly Henry slipped up to the oncoming car and then deliberately put the heel of his big mountain boot on the rail as a snub for the oncoming cars just as he has often seen his father do with a load of logs. There was a crunch, a sickening sensation, a crushed foot on a big boy, but the cars were stopped and his pal's leg was saved. Henry is a cripple now, but a wonderful cripple whom all the boys worship, for he is a cripple with a back-bone!

If you want to know whether a boy has any back-bone, watch him in an emergency.

Some people doubtless remember our own Theodore Roosevelt by his big teeth, but others will always remember him because of his back-bone. It is hard to think of the vigorous one, as being handicapped in anything. Yet all his life he had weak eyes and the use of but one of his ears. But because he purposed in his heart to be not only good, but good for something, he succeeded. When his physician told him in the last month of his life that he might be confined to his chair the rest of his days he said with a smile, "All right! I can live that way too." A spineless fellow would have been crushed, but not Roosevelt.

It takes sand to make good—and s-a-n-d is just another way to spell back-bone.

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yards one day,  
It was waiting in the roundhouse where the locomotives  
stay;  
It was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully  
manned,  
And it had a box the fireman was filling full of *sand*.

It appears that locomotives can not always get a grip  
On their slender iron pavements, 'cause the wheels are  
apt to slip,  
And when they reach the slippery spot, their tactics they  
command,  
And to get a grip upon the rail, they sprinkle it with  
*sand*.

If your track is steep and hilly and you have a heavy grade,  
And if those who've gone before you have the rails quite  
slippery made.

If you ever reach the summit of the upper tableland,  
You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of *sand*.

Minus both hands and the sight of both eyes, Carl Brunner, disabled war veteran, has become an expert operator on the typewriter. Steel fingers that clamp on to his arms serve in place of the amputated hands and Carl demonstrated recently to General Sawyer, President Harding's personal physician, that he was fast developing into a real speed marvel.

*Jaw* if you must, *wish* and dream in reason, and take time now and again to *sit* if it be to think, but the thing that will get you over the top is grit, sand, struggle—the will to win. Try it out for yourself.

## IN SPITE OF EVERY HANDICAP TAKE YOURSELF INTO PARTNERSHIP

ODDLY enough, the most crippled cripple that I ever knew, a boy with crooked legs and crooked spine, was named Fishback—Eddie Fishback. He was handicapped in many ways; he could not play, hike, or swim; he couldn't bat a ball, ride a bicycle, or drive a car; he couldn't go to school because he had to have a special chair couch to sit down on. What little he did walk he walked with a cane and a crutch. Mostly he rode about in a wheel chair which he propelled with his hands. Yet Eddie was the best newsboy in town.

"Easy enough," I hear you say, "of course, people would buy papers from him because he was crippled." But that is where you are mistaken. Most people dislike unsightly cripples. They avoid them every possible time. No, the people did not flock to Eddie and say, "Here, kid, sell me a dozen papers to-night; here's a dollar and keep the change." Eddie Fishback hustled for all he got. He was one of the best hustlers I've ever known, and it wasn't just hurry either. He mixed brains with his work. Instead of just waiting for folks to come to buy his papers, he went out after them, developed routes of customers in the big office buildings, and took their papers to them every day. He believed that the old adage, "Everything comes to him who waits," should be revised to read, "Everything comes to him who hustles while he waits." Other newsboys, sound of limb and back, able to get about anywhere, made thirty to fifty cents a day, but Eddie scorned any such small change. A dollar and a half to two dollars were Eddie's returns. It wasn't long before he took over a news wagon on the corner and handled magazines as well as papers, and hired a little old man to care for it for him

while he went his rounds. The next year Eddie moved his news wagon to another corner not so good and built a bungalow news stand on the old corner. "READ THE NEWS FROM YOUR OWN HOME TOWN," he had printed on each side of it, and if you came from any of the leading cities, Eddie had your paper. If he didn't have your town's the first time you asked, he would the next time that you came.

Then this crooked-legged, crooked-spined, handicapped boy hired a pleasant little old lady to watch his new store while he went out as usual on his endless rounds.

And Eddie smiled—think of that! For he often said, "You can't sell papers with a grouch." And Eddie whistled, not a loud disturbing noise, but bits of the best music, whistled as he went his rounds in the office buildings. You could hear him in the corridors, and it was his calling card. Men automatically got out their paper money when they heard Eddie's whistle.

Then, just when everything seemed to be coming Eddie's way, he disappeared. Strangers missed him and wondered, but his friends all knew where Eddie was, for before he slipped from sight he had written each one a neat little letter that read something like this:

**E. FISHBACK AND Co.**

**My Dear Mr. Jones:**

I'm going to be gone for a few weeks, maybe longer, on a little business trip. I've put it off as long as I dare, but I've arranged to have your paper come to you every day just the same while I'm gone. You see, a couple of years ago I TOOK MYSELF INTO PARTNERSHIP and "we" have hustled pretty hard since that time. Thanks to your generous patronage, "we" have prospered a little too, and now "we" are going to rest a few weeks in the hospital while a good doctor friend sees if he can't take a few of those kinks out of my legs and my back. If he succeeds—and

"we're" certain he will—"we'll" be back again before long to give you better and more efficient service.

Yours respectfully,

E. Fishback & Co.

Dealers in the World's News.

And Eddie came back. Oh, no, he wasn't as good as new by a good deal. He was crippled yet, but he had greatly improved.

Eddie might have been a charity patient—a dependent cripple, but he wasn't because he was a good dead-game sport through and through. He couldn't play football but he knew how to hit the line. He was useless with the gloves on, but he put up one of the pluckiest fights that has ever been staged. He was down and he might have quit, but not Eddie. Somehow he had learned that it is defeat that turns bone to flint and gristle to muscle, and makes a man invincible. He knew perfectly well from shrewd observation that, "The shores of fortune are covered with stranded wrecks of men of brilliant ability, but who have wanted courage, faith and decision and have therefore perished in sight of more resolute, but less capable adventurers, who succeeded in making port."

Eddie knew that steel that has suffered most is the best steel. He knew that the finest steel went into the furnace again and again and then onto the anvil to be punished still further, and then on the emery to be ground to a keen cutting edge. There was no such thing as defeating Eddie for he had the stuff—nothing else counted. Handicapped—yes, certainly—but not beaten. Believe me when I tell you that Eddie Fishback after he "came back" organized his growing business so that he could go to school half a day and finally, after four years, enter college.

I asked him one day how he came to make up his mind to do it, and this is what he told me—

"Well, you see, it was just like this: I got to reading

the different magazines I sold at the stand and that set me hankering to know more and be more and so I just sailed in and copped off a bit of education."

No-siree, all the heroes in this old world aren't generals or Presidents or explorers. Some of them are just ordinary badly handicapped folks who grit their teeth and sail in and do something that everybody on the side lines says can't be done.

What boy hasn't heard of the famous Eugene Sandow? Yet at thirteen years of age he was a physical weakling, a petted, pampered lad without a future. One day his father, while walking with him, chanced to take him into an Art Museum, and there the boy saw for the first time a statue of Apollo Belvidere and another of Hercules.

"Father, did such men every truly live? Wherever did they get such splendid ideas of men?"

"Such men, my boy, were common among the Greeks who were great believers in exercise."

"Could I ever develop like that?" asked the boy.

"Why not?" answered his father, and that very day young Sandow began to struggle upward to physical perfection. Handicapped with a weak body, but——!

It is not often that we think of Theodore Roosevelt as handicapped, because his achievements shine out to all the world, but as a boy he was as sickly as was Sandow. Instead of succumbing to his handicaps, he followed the strong to the frontiers and lived with them. "He hunted big game in hard places. He boxed and fenced and wrestled. He went horseback riding every day." He learned to be an expert camper and woodsman. He might have been an ease-loving, dress-up-and-don't-get-your-hands-dirty sort but he wasn't. He was one of the most vigorous men of all times.

That is the chorus to the song the weakling sings, while he hunts for an alibi for his last failure: "If it hadn't



been for this," and "if it hadn't been for that," the whole course of my history might have been changed. Many a splendid boat has gone down simply because it didn't believe the "cargo" was worth fighting for. It takes plans, pluck, and patience to bring success, and with these aids no handicap is too great for a real boy to overcome.

Many years ago Professor Langley was called to Allegheny Observatory to study the stars. His whole life was wrapped up in that study. But when he began his work, and discovered that the dense smoke clouds which continually hung over Pittsburgh made it impossible to study the stars at all, did he just give it all up as a bad job, write out a touching alibi for his failure, and lay down and die? —HE DID NOT, not Professor Langley. He studied the sun that could be seen in spite of the smoke, and the results enabled him to invent the delicate instruments now used for measuring light and heat. His bolometer is so delicate it is said that a change in the temperature of metallic strips of one hundred thousandth of a degree can be noted upon it. He struggled to success in spite of an apparently insurmountable handicap. He just simply would not acknowledge defeat.

The great psychologists tell us that we see with our brains even more acutely than with our eyes. This sounds strange, but it is true. Can you imagine a man absolutely blind becoming a designer and builder of the fastest yachts in the world? John B. Herreshoff had the choice of becoming a beggar or working out his own independence handicapped by his lack of sight. He says, "My blindness was an obstacle, but I simply would not allow it to discourage me, and did my best just the same as if I could see. *My mother had taught me to think, and so I made thought and memory take the place of eyes.* I developed a plan of mental projection which has enabled me to see models in my mind, and to consider their good and

bad points intelligently." That is using a handicap, isn't it?

The histories written by Francis Parkman are among the most stirring and lifelike ever published. They were written by a man whose eyes gave out because of his exposures among the Indians. When he began his work, he could use them for only five minutes a day, or enough to write six lines. All his reference books and manuscripts had to be read to him. He invented a frame by which he could write with closed eyes. Finally he trained his eyes so that by reading one minute and resting one minute he could work for half an hour at a time and do this three or four times a day. When he could not write or think for the pain, he cultivated roses. For fifty years he worked like this, but his splendid histories have not a hint of sickness or infirmity in them. He had once desired to be a hero in battle, but Senator Henry Cabot Lodge well said of him: "On the tomb of the conqueror of Quebec is written: 'Here lies Wolfe, victorious.' The same epitaph might with entire justice be carved upon the grave of Wolfe's historian."

The master-builder of the *Thunderer*, one of the most powerful battle-ships afloat, is a man unable to walk or even to sit up. Physically helpless from chronic rheumatism, he lies all day on a trundle-bed, and has men wheel him all over the immense ship-building plant, where he personally directs every important piece of work. In his pluck and will-power there is both rebuke and inspiration for those who sink under much smaller afflictions.

If you have ever been in San Francisco you have seen that splendid piece of sculpture which stands in Golden Gate Park, known as "The Ball Player." It is but one of the achievements of Douglas Tilden, born a deaf mute, who learned his art from Paul Choppin, also deaf and dumb. These were handicapped boys who positively re-

fused to be defeated, even by nature. Tilden once said, "If you never build a boat and send it out, why should you expect your ship to come in?" Think that over the next time you get to wondering how it came about that opportunity has lost your address.

Shortly before President Harding started upon his Alaskan tour, a young ex-service man called at the White House to see him. He was paralyzed from the waist down, yet he drove his own "flivver" without help all the way from Jonesville, Wisconsin, to Washington. The President was greatly impressed with his skill, cheerfulness and determination to win in spite of staggering misfortune. This young chap told the President that, "His constitution was gone, but he was working out his by-laws!" and he said it with a smile.

That is one of the commonest of all the alibis: "I would have simply set the world on fire if I hadn't been too everlastingly poor." If you will take time to read the lives of men of achievement, you will be amazed at how generally they rose out of poverty. It seems as if dire poverty in early life were one of the essentials to later fame. In no case, however, was it the poverty that led to success, but the determined struggle incident to poverty. Poverty in itself could scarcely be called a blessing, but the fact that it so often compels a man to fall back upon his own hidden resources is certainly a compensation.

Etching upon copper plates is a very ancient art, but one that was very costly to the artist. The story is told that many years ago one of these artists, then a mere boy, too poor to buy more plates, walked the streets of Munich hungry, disconsolate, discouraged, longing for the opportunity to continue his work. It had been a wet, fall night. The leaves were scattered in numbers upon the flagstone pavements. He trampled them under foot until his artistic eye chanced to see an especially beautiful one.

Stooping, he picked it up and there upon the dusty sidewalk was engraved in every delicate line the beautiful leaf. Though he could not buy copper plates, fine grained sandstones were everywhere abundant to be had for the taking. From that great handicap of poverty was born the art of lithography that gives us to-day much of our finest color-printing.

Too poor to buy copper plates, but stones everywhere that would answer instead! Don't dodge difficulties; meet them, greet them, beat them, no matter if you are poor. Never merely stumble over your handicaps, but rather use them as stepping stones. It was Ouida who said, "Poverty is very terrible, and sometimes kills the very soul within us, but it is the north wind that lashes men into Vikings; it is the soft, luscious south wind which lulls them to lotus dreams."

Not so many years ago, a barefoot boy, driven by dire necessity to abandon his one great joy of making beautiful alphabets, for he could not get the necessary pennies with which to buy the kind of paper necessary, went to the great sand beaches of Lake Erie and there with a bit of a slate, smoothed great sheets of sand into writing pages and wrought out the essential principles of the Spencerian system of penmanship, now conceded to be the most beautiful of all writing styles. This goes to show what Napoleon meant by his historic statement, "There is no such word as impossible."

Just as it is a great advantage to a boy to have a long line of fine ancestors who have laid a splendid foundation for him to build on, in the same way it is a tremendous handicap to have to live down an unfortunate family history. Yet it can be done. "In the blackest soils grow the fairest flowers and the loftiest and strongest trees spring heavenward among the rocks."

What boy has not heard of the notorious bandit Jesse

James? A few years ago his son, determined to redeem the family name in the eyes of the public, carried off the highest possible honors in the Kansas City Law School. For years this boy had been the only support of a widowed mother, had worked unceasingly in the packing houses of his city and studied nights. At last he succeeded in overcoming the handicap of his unfortunate inheritance.

There is no more thrilling American story than that of "Burns of the Mountains." Deep in the Cumberland Mountains young Burns grew up as did all the other boys of the neighborhood in unbelievable ignorance, handicapped from his youth. At thirteen he had just three months of schooling. The next year he got in four months, such as it was. He worked for an older brother, supporting himself in any way that he could, farming a little, rafting logs down the Kentucky River and hoeing corn on stony fields. Fortunately, he was blessed with a big, strong body and an indomitable spirit.

One night in the course of the famous French-Eversole feud in which Burns became involved something happened which changed the current of his life. Margaret Burton tells the thrilling story. "The enemy were barricaded in a log cabin which Burns and his fellow feudists were determined to take. In the course of the struggle, Burns received a terrific blow on the head from a rifle barrel, and being thought dead was dragged by his feet from the doorway and thrown over a fence where he would be out of the way of the fighting. But Burns was not dead. Long after the fighting was over, he crawled down to a nearby cabin for food. As his strength came back, however, he did not hurry to join his fellow feudists. A blow on the head could not frighten him, but it could sober him, and he turned his face away from the settlement to the lonely mountains.

"For four days he was alone in the mountains, and when



he came out it was with the determination to go to college! Alone in the stillness of the forest, he had been asking why God had brought him back from the dead." In those quiet days away from the rest of the world, he saw his people as he had never seen them before; handicapped, ignorant, poor, narrow minded and full of hatred for each other. "He had no money, and he had had but ten months of school himself, but he went out from the mountains to prepare himself to teach.

"For seven months young Burns managed to support himself at the preparatory school of Denison University in Granville, Ohio. Then he went back to his mountains, as penniless as when he had left them, but with seven more months of school life added to the ten which he had had in West Virginia. The next year he taught a hundred eager little mountain boys and girls at 'Raider's Creek,' and in the six years that followed, started schools in various other parts of the mountains. One year he taught at Berea College, Berea, Kentucky. Always the mountain boys flocked to him, hungry for the chance to study, and always his own education was growing both deeper and broader. And always in his heart he carried a vision—of which he almost never spoke—a vision of a time when in the heart of the wild feud-wrought mountains there should be, not just little log cabin country schools open for a few months a year, but a strong, splendid, permanent College! He had no money for a college, and no idea where to get it, but in 1899 he decided that the time had come to take the step."

This handicapped boy who had no chance, alone and unassisted in the midst of a far-reaching feud, called a meeting of fifty men, representing both sides of the fight, to talk about a college for boys. The men came, half from each side—silent, great swarthy men—and seated themselves on opposite sides of the room, every man with his gun on his arm, alert and ready. Young Burns pleaded with



them, telling them they were rearing their boys for slaughter, and begged them to stop fighting and help *him* build a college to lift the handicap of ignorance from the boys of the Cumberlands.

Finally the chief of each side got up and approached the other, meeting in front of Burns. Here they shook hands and the college was assured. A miracle had been wrought by a handicapped boy.

"When Burns started his college, he had not one dollar. But one of the men who had put his mark to the application for a charter, gave him fifty dollars, and someone else give him some land, and they went to work. A blacksmith made him some stone-working tools out of a crowbar and he began to cut the foundation—stones out of a solid mountain. Alone in the dawn one morning, Burns, the handicapped boy, laid the first stone of the first foundation of Oneida Institute that was to bring renewed life and happiness and a larger chance to hundreds of mountain boys."

Mr. Burns himself tells the following story of one of these boys—

"One boy came to me, limping and tired. He had tuberculosis of the hip. He had no coat, hardly any shoes, almost no trousers and he carried a carpet bag tied together with a piece of twine. His hair stuck out through his hat. He had walked twenty or thirty miles to get to school. He said he wanted an education. One day I heard some of my scholars whispering together out in the hall. Whispering was against the rules and I went out to disperse them. There seemed to be some conspiracy, and I found out what it was; those poor boys, who had earned a few cents by working on our farm, were taking up a collection, five cents, ten cents each, to get the 'new boy' a better pair of pants!"

Still there are many boys who because of handicaps that

seem too great to overcome, insist that Opportunity is only for the few. Walter Malone has given us a great bit of verse that is worth learning by heart and saying very often. Perhaps you already know it, but if you don't, here it is:

They do me wrong who say I come no more  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand outside your door,  
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.  
Wail not for precious chances passed away,  
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;  
Each night I burn the records of the day.  
At sunrise every soul is born again.  
Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,  
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;  
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,  
But never bind a movement yet to come.  
Though in the mire, wring not your hands and weep,  
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"  
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep  
But he might rise and be again a man.

It was Canon Farrar who said, "There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is not to be true to the best one knows." When a boy, no matter how ruinously he may *think* he is handicapped, gets that great philosophy at work in his life, he will win, handicap or no handicap.

Every thoughtful boy asks this question and it is right that he should: Must a man achieve fame, or wealth,—must he be an inventor or a great explorer or statesman to be successful? And the answer should be sounded clear and strong; NO, a thousand times no! A successful man is the man who makes the very most of himself when all factors in his case have been taken into consideration. That gives the handicapped boy of real spirit a wide open door.

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of in-

telligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."

Many men owe their force of character to tremendous difficulties and to the fact that their attitude toward these difficulties was right. "Great minds master their circumstances," wrote Paul Leicester. The boy who thinks he is licked is licked. The boy who believes in himself, regardless of every disappointment and handicap, will emerge, saying as did the great Mirabeau, "Impossibility! Never let me hear that foolish word again."

## ON MAKING RESOLUTIONS

A good deal of fun is always made of New Year's resolutions. When you come to think of it there isn't any special reason why there should be. Whether we will or no, a New Year comes to us clean and fresh and it is a natural impulse when new things come to us to determine to take better care of them than we did of the old. It is a perfectly reasonable and desirable thing to determine to take better care of each New Year as it comes to us than we did of the old one that is just gone.

A cynic once said to write all your new resolutions down carefully—then throw the paper away and forget all about them. I have a notion, however, that it is impossible to do that. Write them down you may, and throw them away you may, but forget them *after* writing them down is easier said than done. If you want to remember a thing write it down. The very act of formulating your ideas

so that you can write them down engraves them upon your mind. So throw the bit of paper away if you will, but let the new, clearly defined purposes written upon it, from that time forward, begin to live themselves out in your life.

But there is almost always one big trouble with most resolutions. Made in a wave of emotion they are likely to be so very idealistic and fine that we experience great difficulty in getting from where we are to where they begin. Imagine, for instance, a wee babe who has just begun to walk suddenly resolving to enter a hundred yard dash or to climb a high peak! Only one thing could possibly result—defeat, failure. Such a resolution would be very impractical for a baby, and the reason so many of your splendid resolutions are broken is because they are impractical for the person who makes them. “Nothing is so injurious as to play with high ideals and not put them to work.” How much more worth while to think of your New Year’s resolutions this year as merely one of the long series of forward steps that you are going to make in life as your experience and ability develop! Onward and upward all the time, most certainly, but make the steps rational and reasonable with a fighting chance that you can make good. Next time you will be able to take even a bigger step, because you know you can make good—you have proved it.

We are all equipped with two sets of nerves. One is called sympathetic, the other motor. Under certain conditions, it is easy to respond to the sympathetic. We hear a great speaker or read a stirring article and we decide in a wave of feeling that we will do so and so. That is fine, but it is only the first step; the second is to go do it. When resolutions get on our motor nerves, things begin to happen. After all, the soundest indictment against resolutions is that they so seldom get on the motor nerves. Professor Jones tells us that, “No matter how full a

reservoir of good resolutions one possesses, and no matter how good one's sentiments may be, if one has not taken advantage of every concrete opportunity to act, one's character may remain entirely unaffected for better."

First, then, take stock of your present ideals and ambitions; then consider the things you hope to do and expect to be, not overlooking the fact that all sound growth comes slowly as a result of persistent effort. Apples and watermelons do not just suddenly appear ripe and ready to pick; they grow a little bit every day from a tiny almost-nothing to a big, beautiful, definite something. Any other plan for development of a more worthwhile life is bound to fail. Determine where you are, then define clearly what you long to be and arrange a series of reasonable steps to cover the distance in between—steps that you can act upon at once in your every-day life. Hitch your wagon to a star, but do not expect your wagon to reach the star by magic. You must pull and snub the wagon every single step of the way by working at your resolutions. Every single little practical resolution that you make good on is a push and a pull toward the star. Most folks just sit and look at the star and *wish*—and then declare that resolutions are a failure.

Having determined your present status and having relocated your star, ask yourself what are some of the things you are certain you need to do and strive to be to shorten the gap between you and your ideal. Here are a few little specifications that I'm certain will prove helpful.

Stick to your principles. There is scarcely a more difficult task in all life. We are all more or less imitators. Without thinking we do what others do. Society has standards but they are not up to our personal principles. Shall we step back to the standards of the crowd? It is worlds easier to do so. Or shall we stand pat? The whole world is in league to reduce all life to the commonplace. Ideal-



ism, even a little of it, costs. Let people laugh at you or sneer at you, or feel sorry for you, and your funny ideas, but stick to your principles. "Give me liberty or give me death," is the spirit. All moral bankrupts start by compromising with a principle. Sticking to a principle doesn't necessitate arguing about it on every occasion, but it does mean *living* it out.

The average man wastes five years doing nothing. That's a strange state of affairs. Life is geared up to a pretty high speed and we do need occasionally to relax and rest, but even then we can keep busy. The best rest in the world is a change. It is doubtful if idleness can be called rest. "Killing time is suicide." Have a good book for spare moments. Commit to memory a bit of verse or a great quotation. Use your do-nothing minutes to store gems away in your mental treasure-chest. You save your money carefully, because it will buy things you desire. Save the minutes in the same way and invest them in great thoughts. Resolve to fill each day full to the brim—and then get busy.

"Count that day lost whose low, descending sun" finds that you have found no new useful information about places, things, or people! The world is full of the most interesting things, and at the very best we can know such a very little of it. Absorb new, useful, constructive information as a sponge does water, for no useful information that you ever gather will prove to be wasted time. Know a little more to-day than you did yesterday. Resolve to be a small walking encyclopedia of literature, science, and art—and then get busy.

The greatest gift the world affords is friends, but to have friends you must be friendly. So few people are. There is too much selfishness in the world and friendships can not grow in that soil. You may have very little of this world's goods, you may live in an obscure out-of-the-way



corner of a deserted neighborhood, but you can be rich in friends. The Indian warrior was counted a mighty man of valor according to the number of scalps that hung to his belt. Count each new friend a victory, and having made new friends be worthy of them. Don't wish for friends, get out and discover them!

Do a good turn every day. The Boy Scouts have no mortgage on this idea. It belongs to all good scouts. Sounds easy? Check yourself, honest injun, for a week and you will be amazed how seldom you actually do a good turn. Some folks indulge themselves in this direction so seldom that when a good turn is fairly forced upon them they think that they ought to see a pair of wings sprout almost instantly. You can't live on your past deeds either. It takes a new good turn for someone every day to qualify. If you really want to try an interesting experiment, just deliberately do that good turn every day to some one whom you think you don't like. You'll be amazed. There is nothing in the world that gives the death-blow to little narrow prejudices like unselfish service. Let that be a part of your resolutions.

Some folks think by carrying a Testament about with them they absorb spiritual refreshment. Don't fool yourself. Just owning a Bible of your own, doesn't establish any vital contact between you and God. A while ago my telephone wouldn't work. It looked all right from the outside and I couldn't see why I could not hear my friend on the other end of the line. I went through all the motions of a telephone conversation, but got no response. There was a break in the wire of less than an inch. God can not speak to lives where the lines are down. It is easy to lose the vital contact with God, in the rush of our days. Many a sad face that you meet, however, would be a lighted face if it weren't for a broken contact inside. You will doubtless grow physically this next year—and

mentally, and perhaps socially. How about a corresponding growth in spiritual capacity? Make it one of your major resolutions to know more of God at work in His world. But *you* must seek Him. Longing to know God won't bring Him nearer, you must join a searching party.

I wish every person who chances to read these rambling lines would resolve to do more smiling. Study the hundreds of sad faces you pass on the street or see in cars or trains and a smiling face will seem like a beautiful flower in a desert. It is a lamp of good cheer to all who behold it. A smirk isn't a smile either. Make it a real one—the reflection from a glad heart. Resolve to smile a hundred times a day. Begin to practice now!

Yes, I believe in resolutions when they are of the feasible, common sense kind that have to do with the dull routine of every-day. The other kind are dangerous.











